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NO 31
MAY

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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The

MASK OF MUMBO

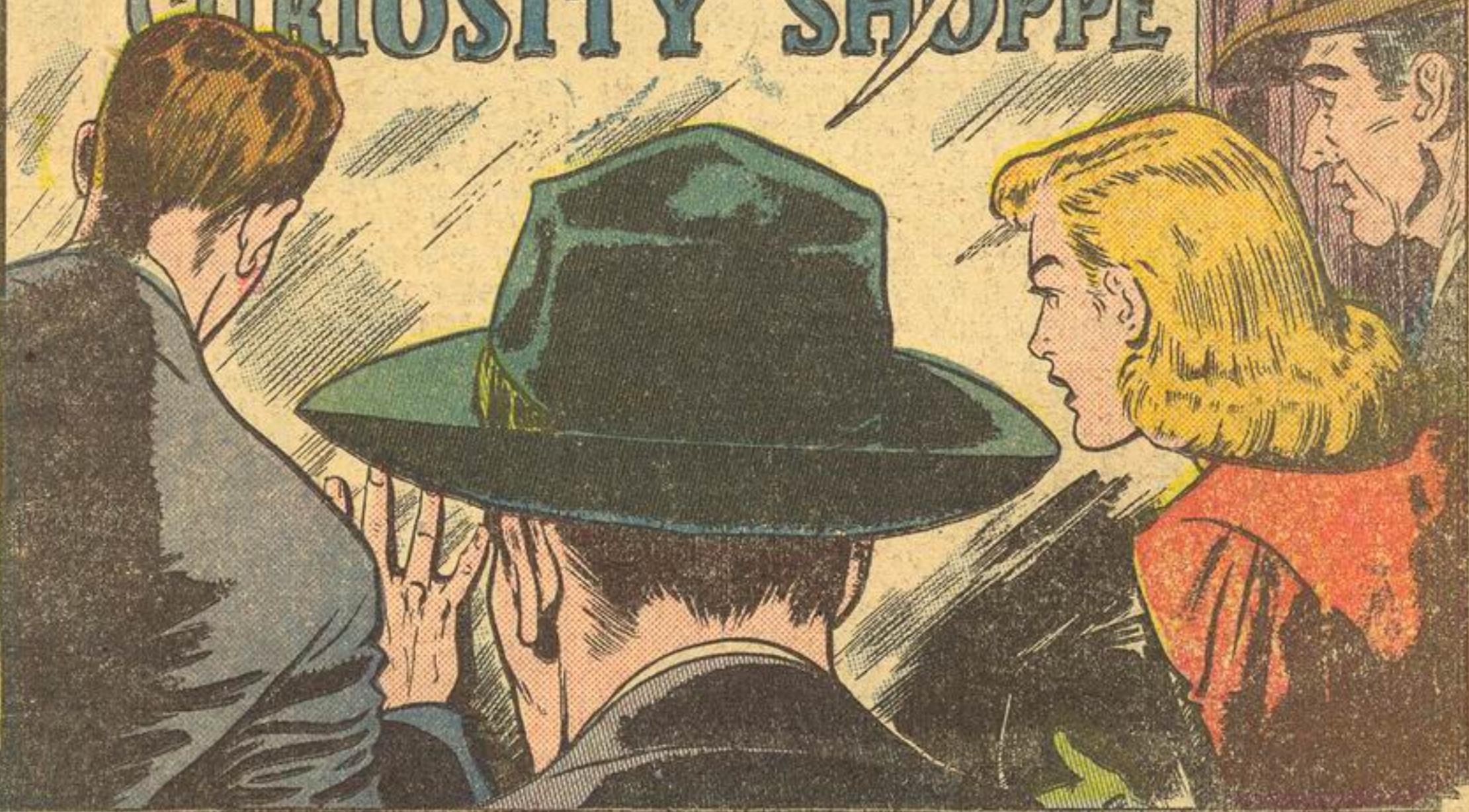
CAN A CURSE, SPAWNED IN MURDER, STRIKE THROUGH THE LONG CENTURIES? CAN A VENGEFUL NATIVE GOD STALK HIS MORTAL VICTIMS DOWN THE MISTY CORRIDORS OF TIME? HERE'S A STRANGE STORY OF SUPERNATURAL WRATH -- OF AN EERIE TRIBAL SPIRIT WHO FOLLOWED THE TRAIL OF A STOLEN FETISH-- AND SPREAD TERROR IN ITS WAKE! BAR THE DOORS AGAINST THE WAILING WIND-- DRAW THE CURTAINS TO CLOSE OUT THE MIDNIGHT MENACE WHICH LURKS WITHOUT--AND BEWARE! The MASK OF MUMBO MOVES CLOSER --CLOSER...!

GOOD LORD, THAT--THAT MASK! IT'S HORRIBLE!

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO MEET THAT IN A DARK ALLEY?

IT'S EVIL-- THREATENING--

YE OLDE
CURIOSITY SHOPPE



LET'S GO!
I CAN'T EVEN
STAND THE
SIGHT OF IT!

LET THEM
LEAVE -- IT
FASCINATES
ME!

I -- I CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OFF IT! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR SOMETHING DIFFERENT AS COSTUMING FOR THE NEW SPOT I JUST LANDED AT THE CLUB SATURN -- AND THIS IS IT! A NATIVE DANCE--WEARING THAT MASK --IT SHOULD WOW THEM!

IF YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT THIS, YOU CAN HAVE IT CHEAP--ON ONE CONDITION! PROMISE NEVER TO BRING IT BACK!

I DON'T
INTEND TO--
BUT WHY?



ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, published monthly and copyright, 1952, by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, New York. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, \$0.10; foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45 St., New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Buffalo, New York, No. 31, May, 1952.

Printed in U.S.A.

I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU -- OR MY CONSCIENCE WOULDN'T LET ME REST! I'VE ALREADY SOLD THAT MASK TO FIVE DIFFERENT PEOPLE -- AND EACH RETURNED IT! THEY WERE PANIC-STRIKEN -- SAID IT WAS POSSESSED! AND LATER -- EACH OF THEM DIED VIOLENTLY!

JUST SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! I'LL TAKE IT -- AND KEEP IT!

THE FOLLOWING WEEK, AT THE CLUB SATURN --

I HEAR THERE'S A NEW DANCER APPEARING TONIGHT WHO'S GOT A SPECIALTY NUMBER THAT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD, PHIL!

PRESS-AGENT STUFF! SHE'S GOT TO SHOW ME!

BOY, SHE SURE WILL! HERE SHE COMES NOW -- AND LOOK AT HER!

WELL, I'LL BE --! THAT MASK -- I KNOW IT! I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE!

YOU MEAN -- WELL, A FACSIMILE OF IT! IT WAS IN A NATIVE MUSEUM IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, WHERE I WAS STATIONED DURING THE WAR! ITS MACABRE QUALITY FASCINATED ME -- I HAD TO DIG UP ITS STORY! AND IF YOU DON'T THINK IT WAS GRUESOME -- LISTEN!

"IT ALL BEGAN TWO CENTURIES AGO, WHEN A SHIPLOAD OF BRITISH SAILORS, LED BY A CRUEL ADVENTURER NAMED CAPTAIN HAZZARD, VENTURED INTO THE SOUTH PACIFIC! ITS OBJECT-- SLAVES-- AND LOOT!"

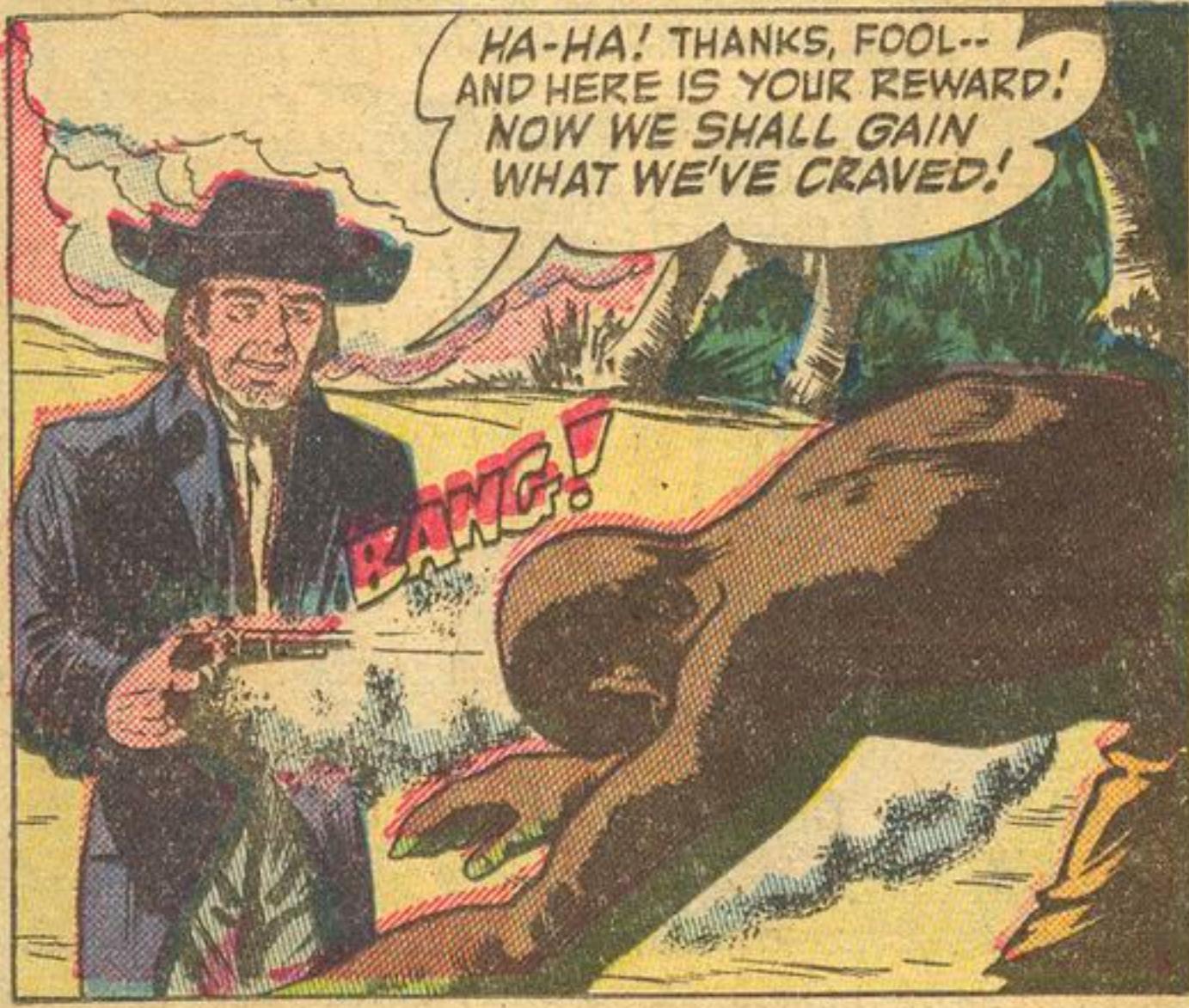
"BUT THE SLAVES THEY GAINED WERE A WEAKLY LOT -- SICKLY AND HALF-STARVED! AND AS FOR GOLD --"

WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE YARN'S O' WEALTH YOU SPUN, CAP'N? THERE'S NOT A THING HERE WORTH A FARTHING!

THERE IS GOLD IN THESE ISLANDS -- HEAPS OF IT! THEIR CHIEF, HERE, MUST KNOW WHERE TO FIND IT -- I'LL BEAT IT OUT OF HIM!

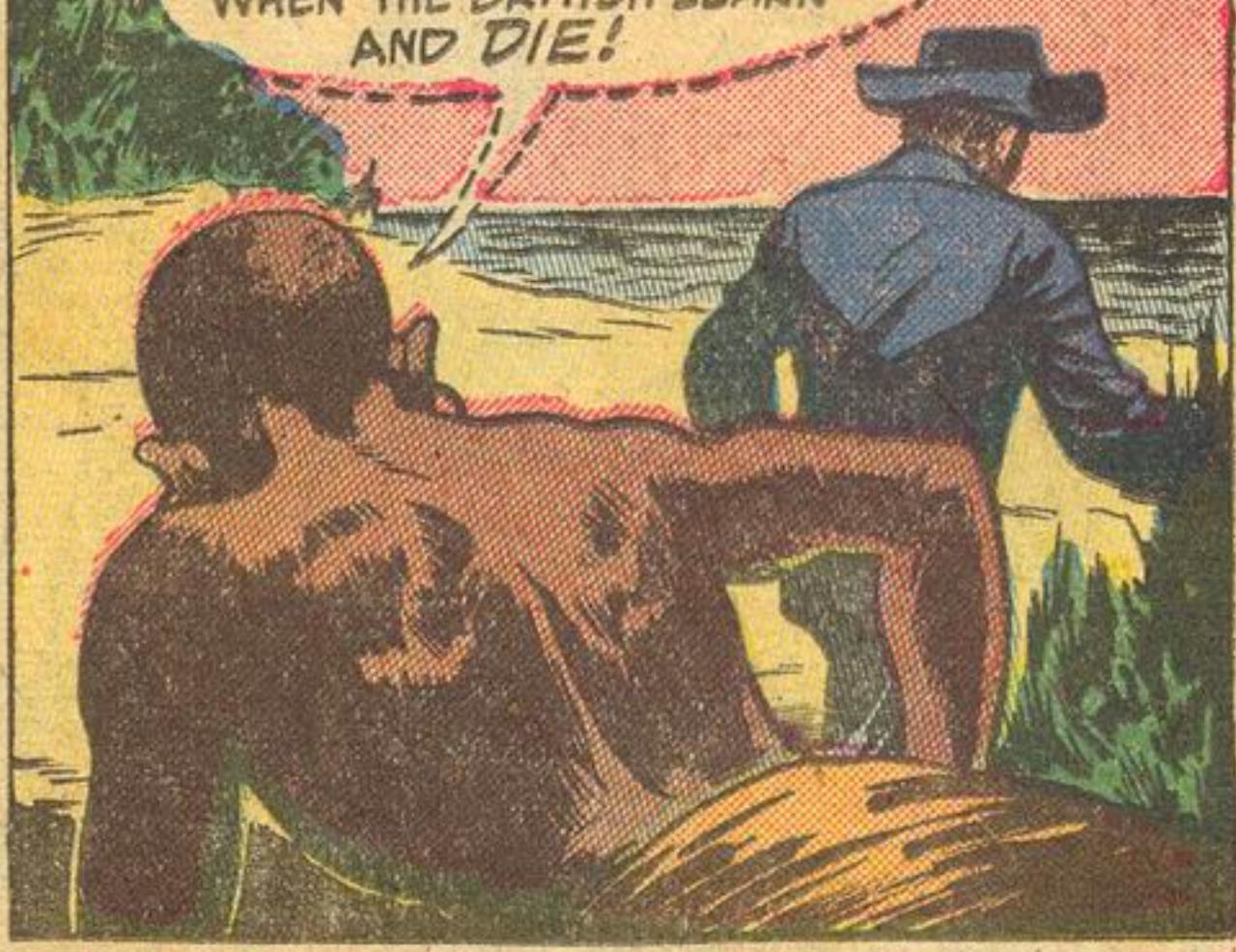
MERCY, GREAT WARRIOR -- MERCY! THERE IS NO GOLD HERE -- I SWEAR IT! BUT SPARE MY LIFE AND I WILL TELL YOU WHERE THE POWERFUL KARONI TRIBE DWELLS! THEY ARE POWERFUL MEN -- THEY WILL MAKE YOU FINE SLAVES -- AND THEIR LAND IS RICH IN YELLOW METAL!

"THE OLD MAN REVEALED THE ISLAND'S LOCATION--
AND CAPTAIN HAZZARD SHOWED THE QUALITY
OF HIS MERCY!"

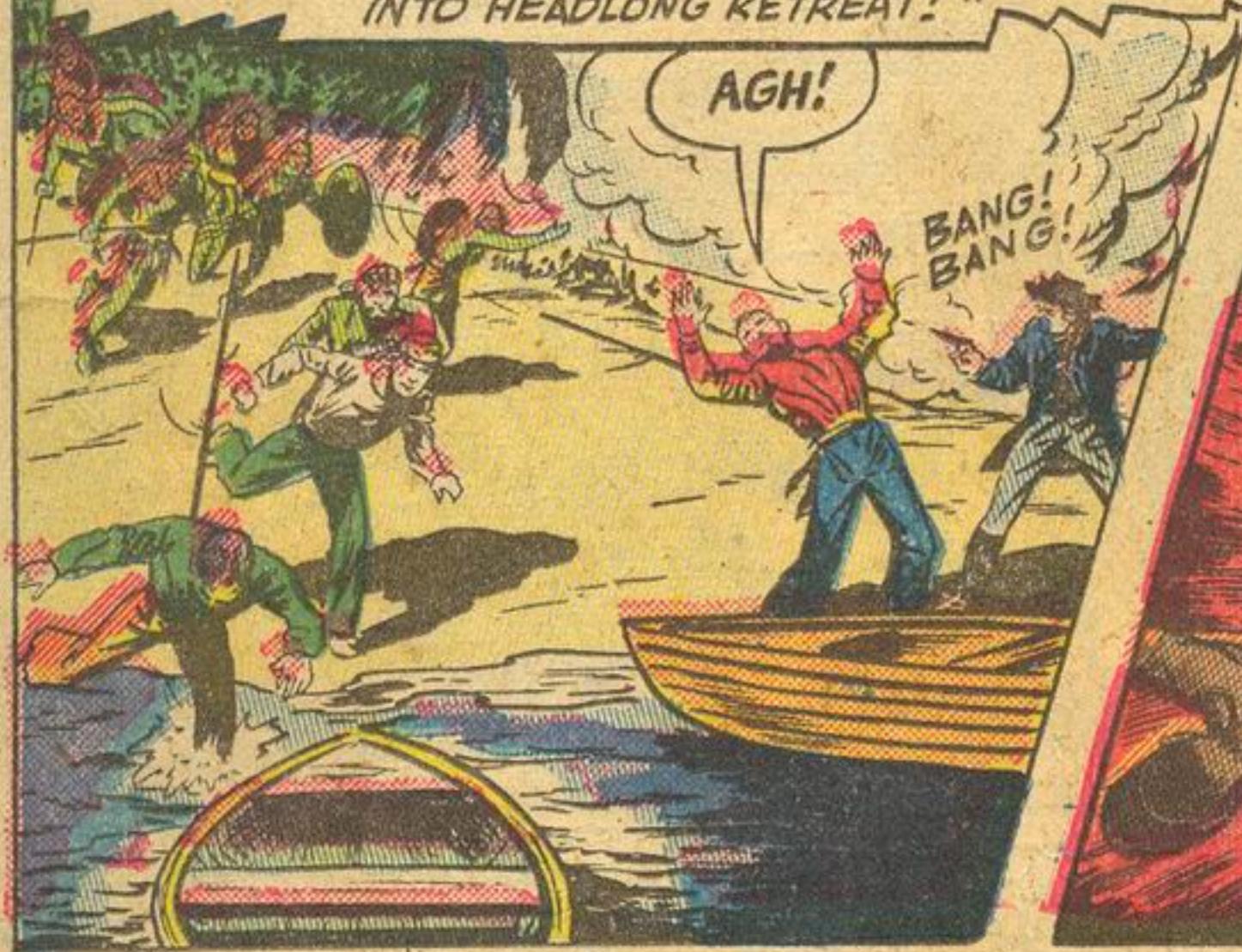


"BUT AS THE ADVENTURER TURNED AWAY--"

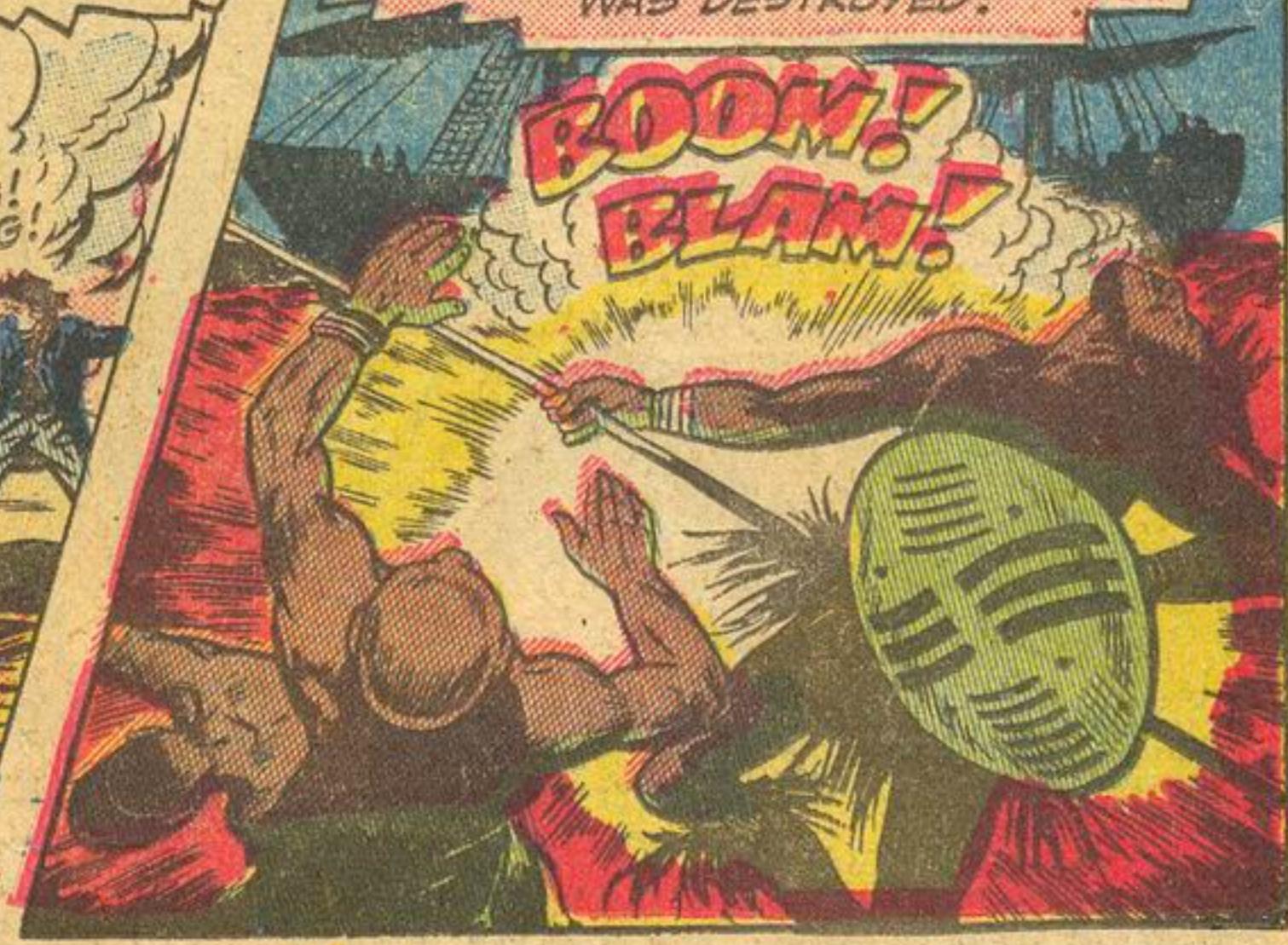
I TOLD YOU -- OF THE KARONIS -- OF THEIR GOLD! BUT I DID NOT -- DARE EVEN MENTION -- THE NAME OF MUMBO! THAT WILL BE MY REVENGE -- WHEN THE BRITISH LEARN -- AND DIE!



AND SO THE BRITISH SAILED TO THE ISLAND OF THE KARONIS -- AND ATTACKED! BUT THEY SOON LEARNED THAT THESE WERE NO MISERABLE, FRIGHTENED NATIVES! LED BY BOLOGA, THEIR WITCH DOCTOR, THE KARONIS DROVE THE BRITISH INTO HEADLONG RETREAT!"



BUT THE KARONIS MADE THE MISTAKE OF CLUSTERING ON THE BEACH -- A PERFECT TARGET FOR THE VESSEL'S GUNS! A SINGLE BROADSIDE -- AND THE TRIBE WAS DESTROYED!



"NOW THE MARAUDERS FOUND ALL THE PLUNDER THEY DESIRED! THAT-- AND SOMETHING MORE!"

LOOK, SHIPMATES -- I FOUND THIS IN THEIR TEMPLE! HA -- IT'LL MAKE A GOOD PRESENT FOR MY WENCH IN ENGLAND!



HE HAS TAKEN THE MASK OF MUMBO -- SACRED RITUAL MASK OF OUR GOD! LITTLE DO THE MURDERERS KNOW THAT OUR CURSE GOES WITH IT -- THE CURSE OF SUFFERING AND DEATH AGAINST ALL INTO WHOSE POSSESSION IT COMES! HEAR THY FAITHFUL SERVANT, OH MUMBO, AND STRIKE -- FOREVER -- ALWAYS!



"NATIVE SUPERSTITION? MAYBE -- BUT ACCORDING TO SOUTH SEA LEGENDS, THE MASK WASN'T LONG IN GETTING IN THE EFFECTS OF THE CURSE! FOR, AS THE BRITISH SHIP SAILED HOMeward --"

DRINK UP, MATES -- WE'RE ALL OF US RICH! HAW-HAW! -- THINK I'LL SEE HOW I LOOK IN THIS PRETTY L'IL RIG!



"AND THEN, AS CAPTAIN HAZZARD DONNED THE MASK OF MUMBO, THERE CAME A BLINDING FLASH - AN AWFUL APPARITION!"



"WELL MAY YOU TREMBLE -- BUT FEAR NOT THAT I HAVE COME FOR MY MASK! FOR CENTURIES IT SHALL STAY WITH THE MEMBERS OF YOUR RACE-- AND SUFFERING AND DEATH SHALL ALWAYS ACCOMPANY IT!"



"A WEIRD INCANTATION-- AND, FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN.. A FEARSOKE SPECTER!"



"ANCIENT RECORDS STILL DISCLOSE THE HORROR OF WHAT A PASSING SHIP FOUND!"



AND AS THE BREATHLESS STORY ENDED, BACK AT THE CLUB SATURN, STELLA'S DANCE GREW WILDER-- WILDER!



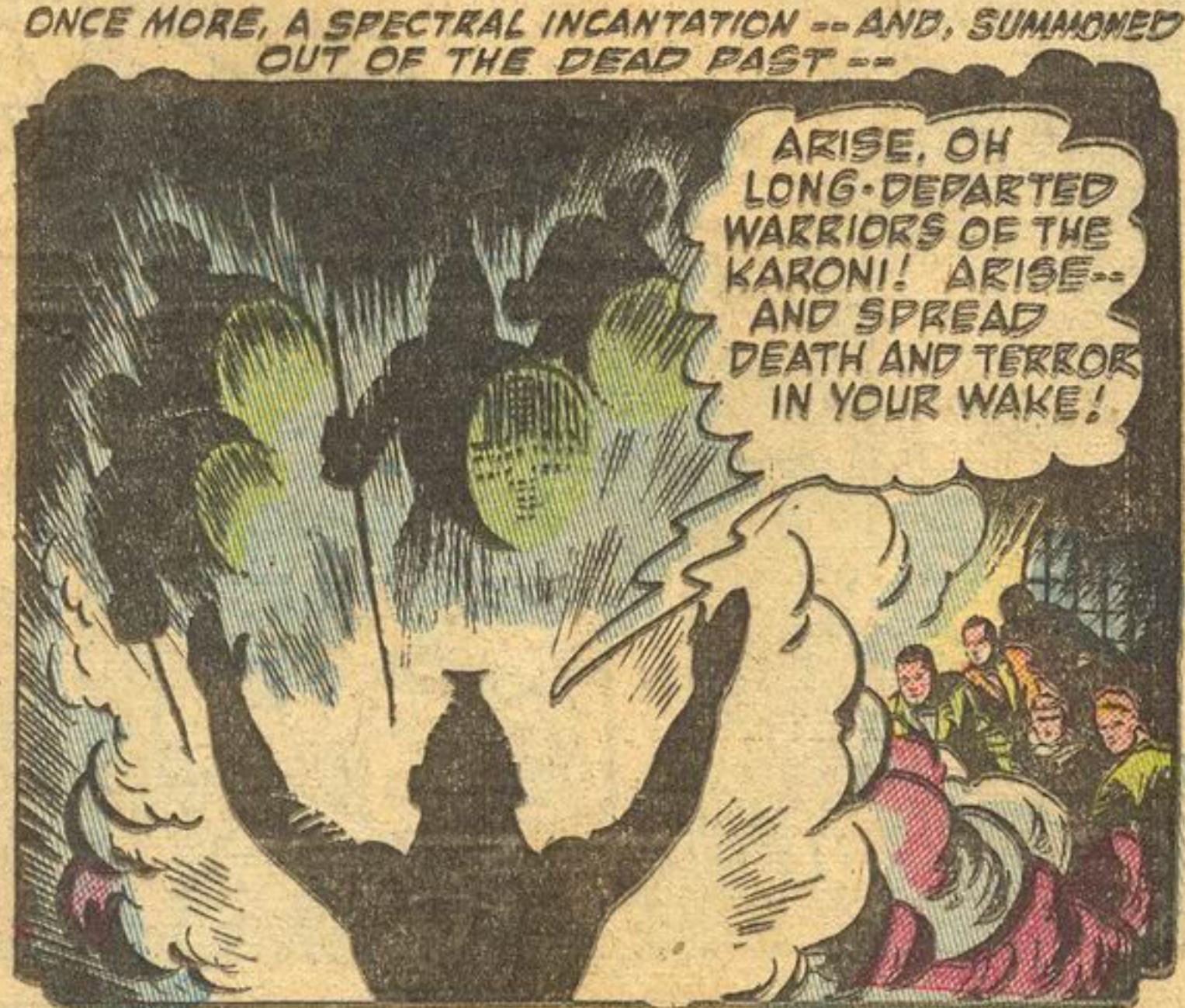
THE AUDIENCE WATCHED-- TENSE - ENTHRALLED! WHY WAS SHE DANCING LIKE A THING POSSESSED?



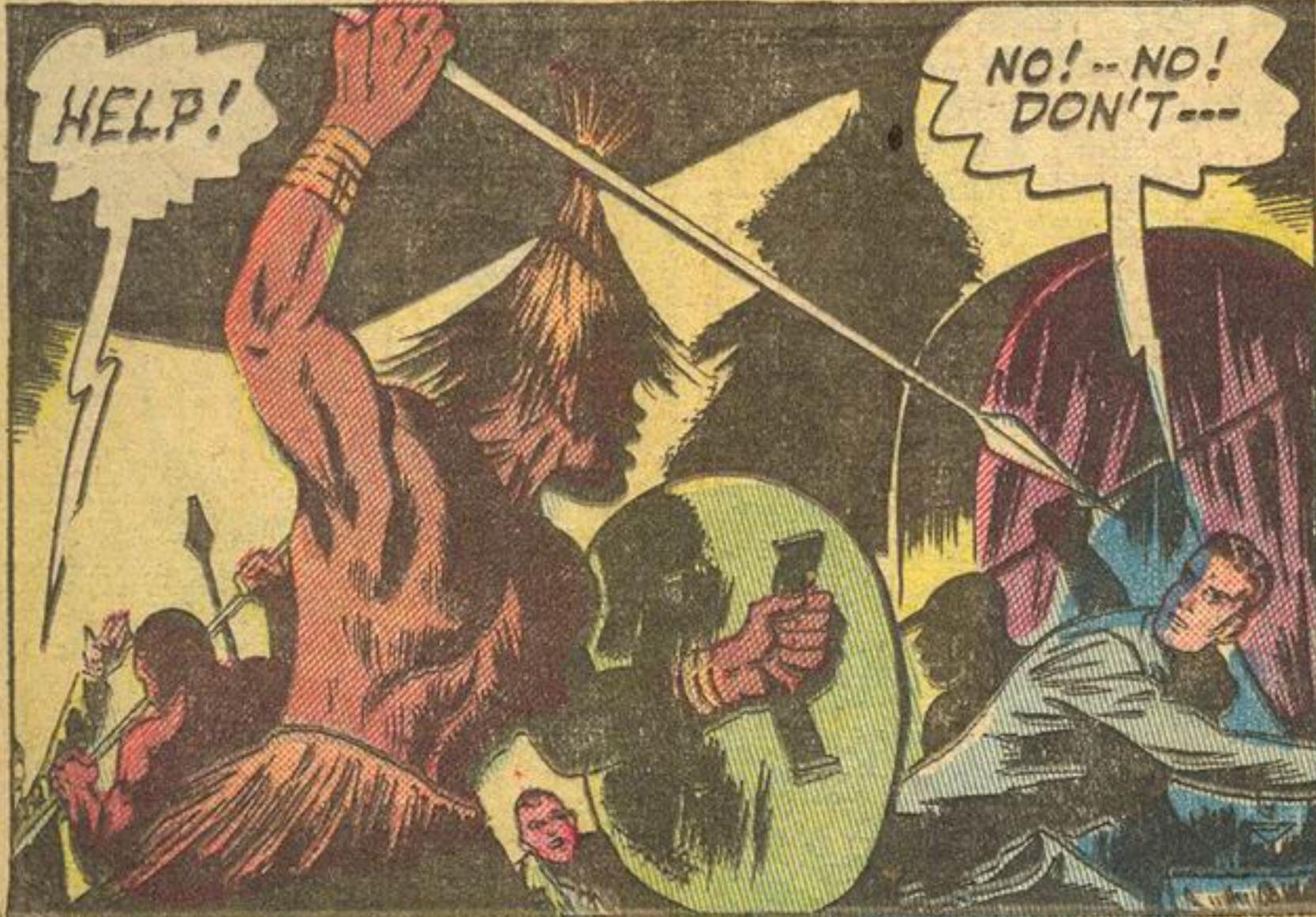
AND THEN-- THAT GIANT, MENACING FIGURE! FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, IT SEEMED TO LOOM EERILY BEHIND HER! SURELY IT WAS AN ILLUSION -- A THING OF LIGHTS AND MIRRORS!

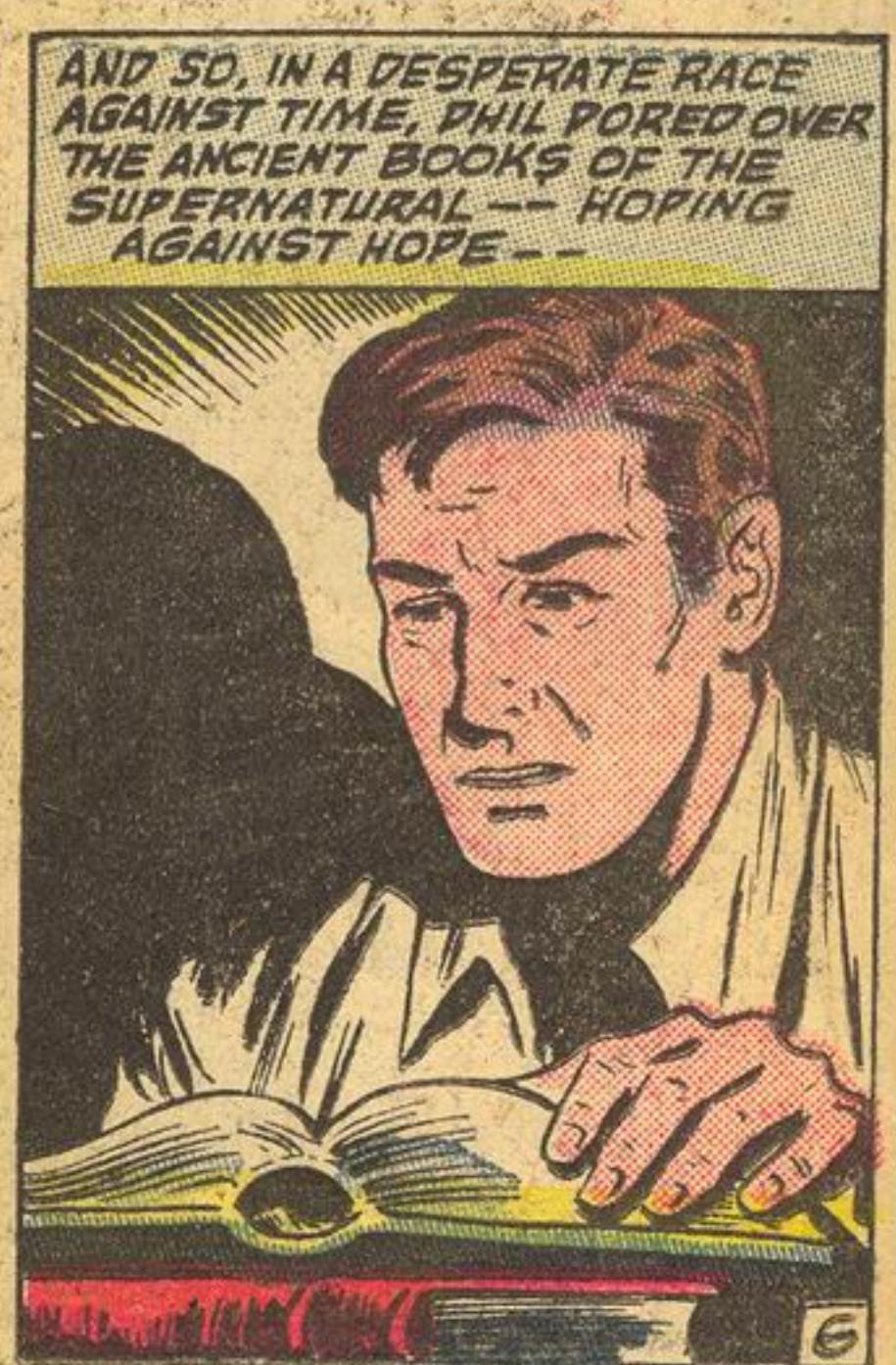
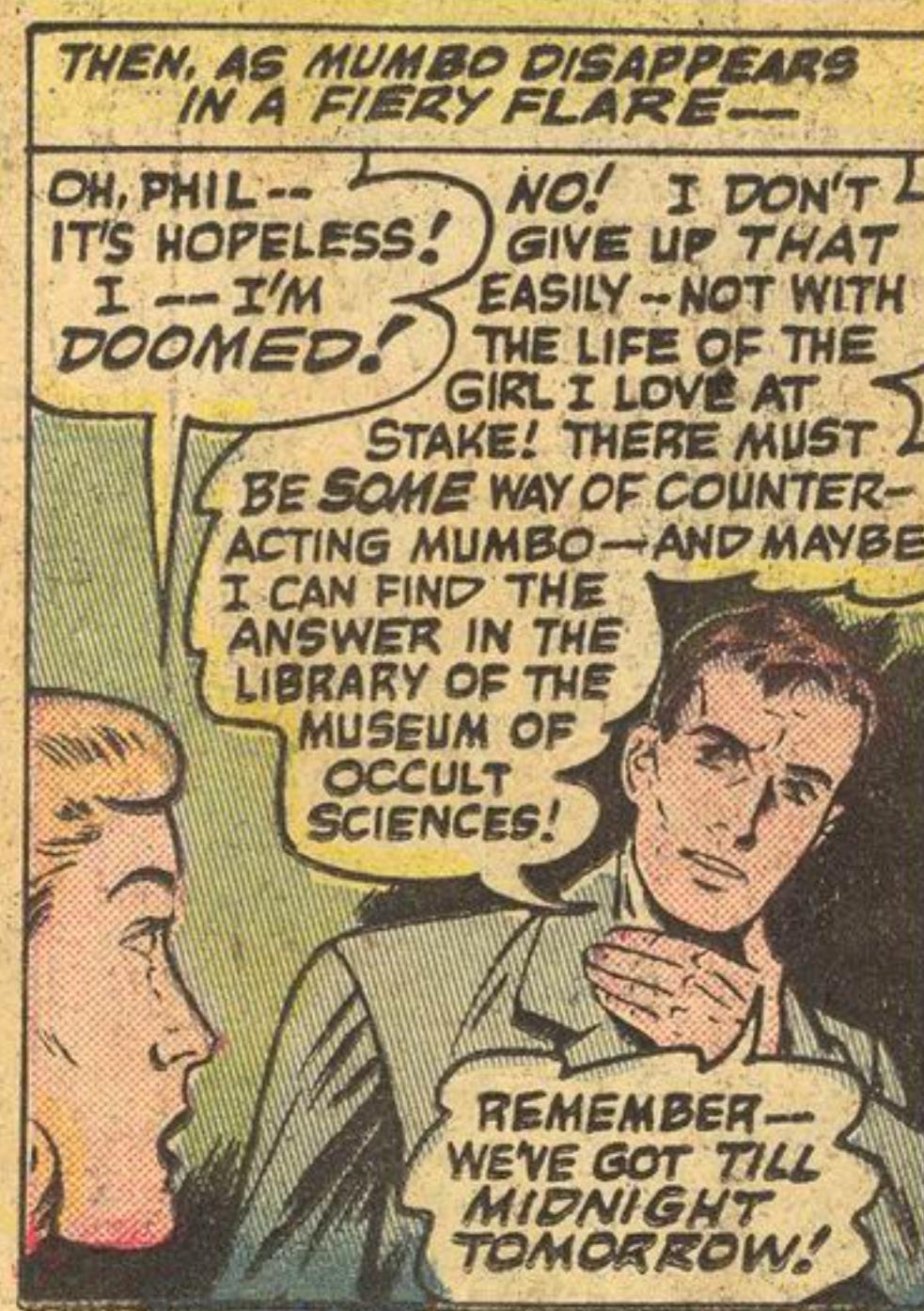
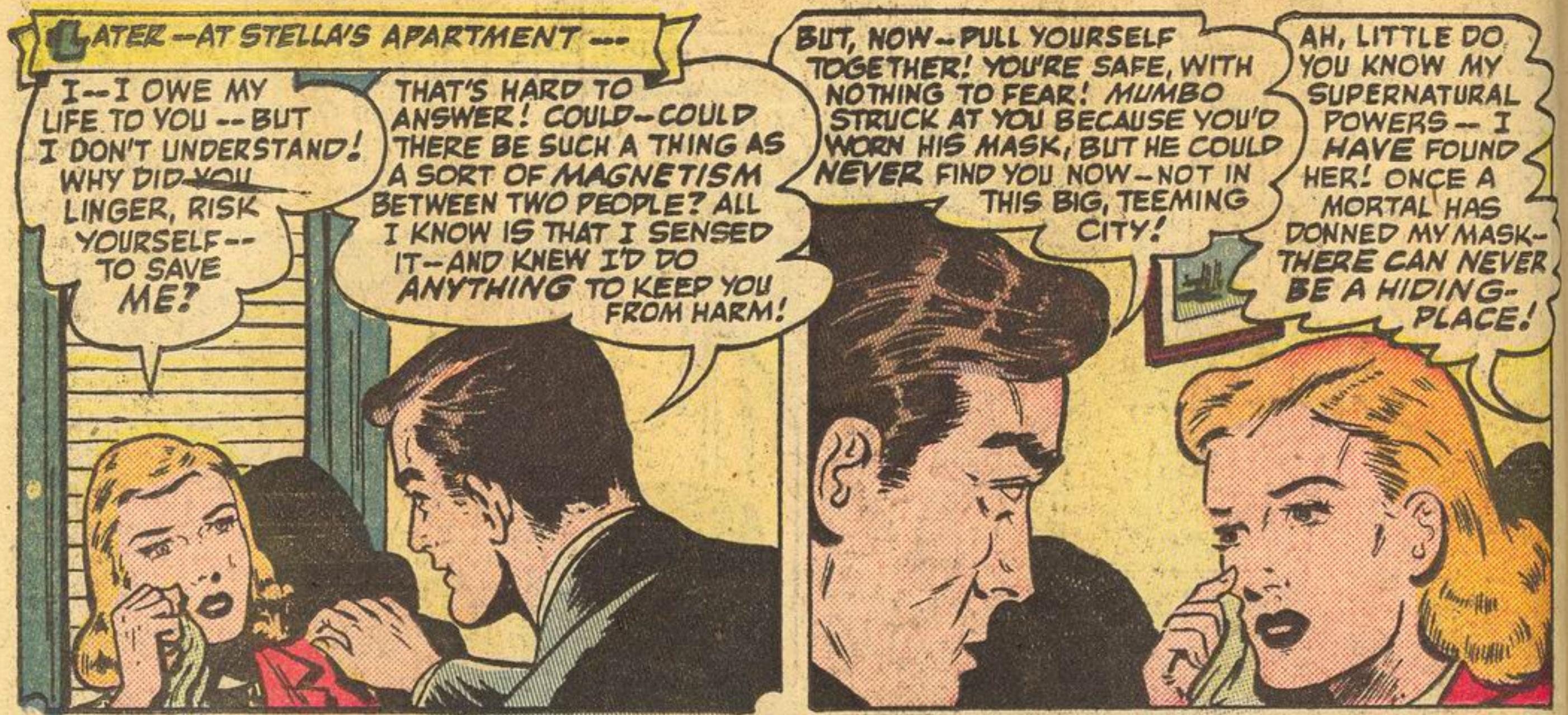


EVEN WHEN IT MATERIALIZED -- SEIZED THE SCREAMING GIRL -- IT STILL SEEMED NOTHING MORE THAN A CLEVERLY STAGED SPECTACLE --



TOON SOON THE AUDIENCE LEARNED THE DREAD REALITY OF WHAT THEIR EYES HAD REFUSED TO BELIEVE -- AS HORROR RAN AMOK IN THE CROWDED NIGHTCLUB!





WITH DARKNESS OF THE FATAL DAY--

OH, PHIL--I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME! DID YOU FIND ANYTHING? IS THERE ANY HOPE?

WELL, I DUG UP SOMETHING, HONEY, BUT LORD KNOWS WHAT GOOD IT CAN DO! THE CURSE OF MUMBO CAN ONLY BE ENDED IF THE MASK IS RETURNED TO WHENCE IT CAME--THE ISLAND OF THE KARONIS! AND MUMBO HIMSELF CAN ONLY BE BEATEN OFF IN A STRANGE WAY--THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE PYGMY BOAR, A RARE SOUTH PACIFIC BEAST WHICH IS TABOO IN THE KARONI RELIGION!

BUT WHERE COULD WE GET THAT--IN TIME? NOTHING CAN SAVE ME NOW--NOTHING!

DON'T BE SURE! I'VE DONE WHAT I COULD--JUST TAKE A LOOK INTO THE OUTSIDE ROOM!

A HEAVILY-ARMED POLICE GUARD! IT WASN'T HARD TO GET THEM, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED AT THE NIGHTCLUB! THEY CAN BLAST ANYTHING OUT OF THE WAY--AND MUMBO'S GOT TO GET PAST THEM BEFORE HE CAN GET AT YOU!

THE FATEFUL HOURS TICK AWAY, UNTIL--MIDNIGHT!

BONG--BONG--BONG...

IN THE OUTER ROOM, A FIERY FLASH--AND--

HOLY SMOKE--IT'S HIM! QUICK--SHOOT HIM DOWN!

AMID THE CHATTERING OF MACHINE-GUNS -- ONCE MORE THAT DREAD INCANTATION!

IT'S NO USE--OUR BULLETS ARE GOIN' RIGHT THROUGH HIM! AND WATCH HIM--HE'S UP TO SOMETHING!

RAT-TAT--TAT-TAT--

AGAIN, RISING FROM BLEACHED AND LONG DEAD BONES--THE SPECTRAL KARONI WARRIOR!



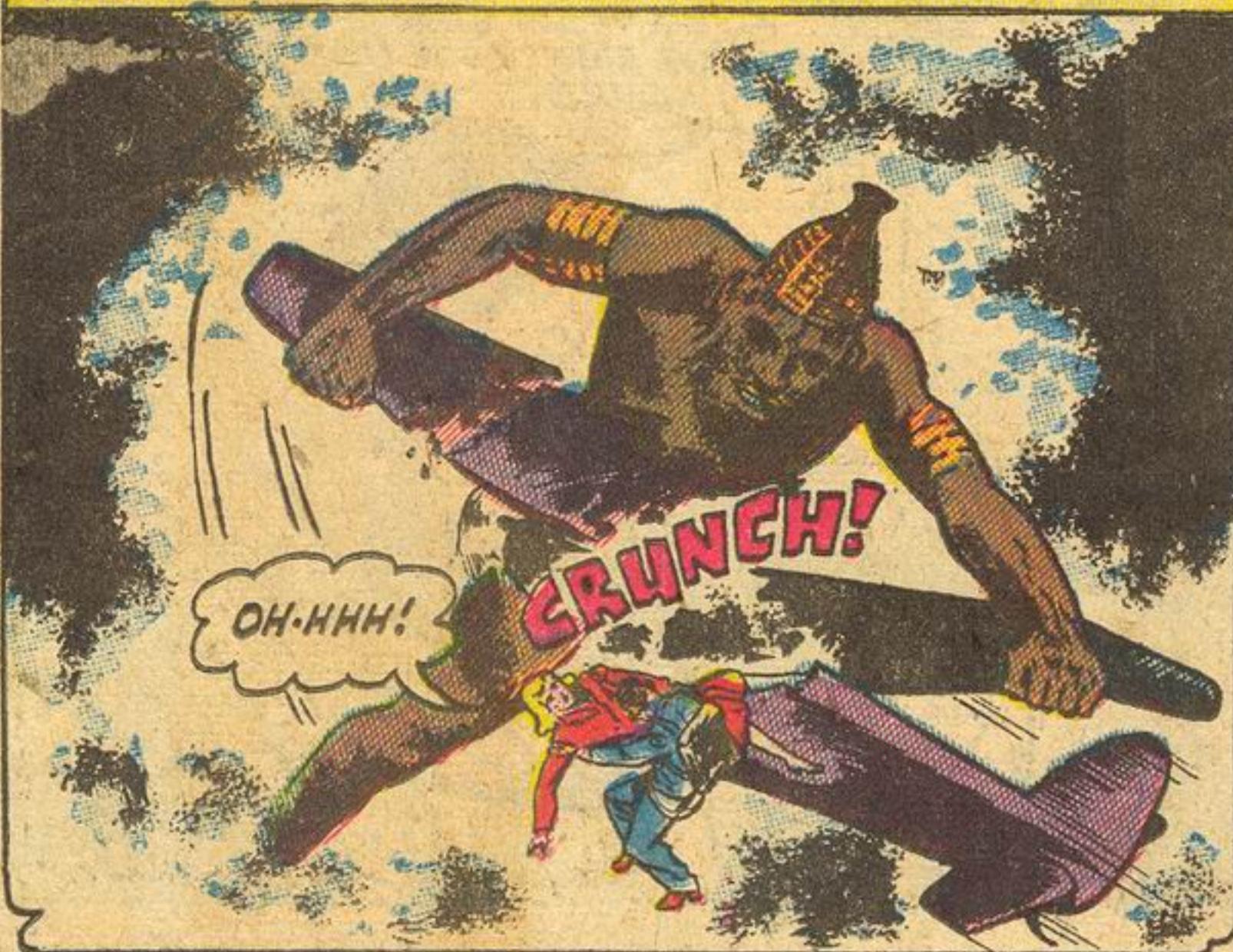




BUT A VENGEFUL SPIRIT SEES ALL -- KNOWS ALL! NO NATURAL REASONS CAUSED THE STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS STORM WHICH STRUCK FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, DRIVING THEM FAR OFF THEIR COURSE!



IN A SURGE OF MANIACAL FURY, THE SPECTER STRUCK--
WRENCHING THE PLANE ASUNDER WITH SAVAGE STRENGTH!



AND, NEXT MOMENT --



AS THE AWFUL FIGURE
MOVED IN -- AND DEATH
HOVERED CLOSE --

TOO LONG HAVE
YOU HELD ME OFF!
NOW -- MEET
YOUR END!



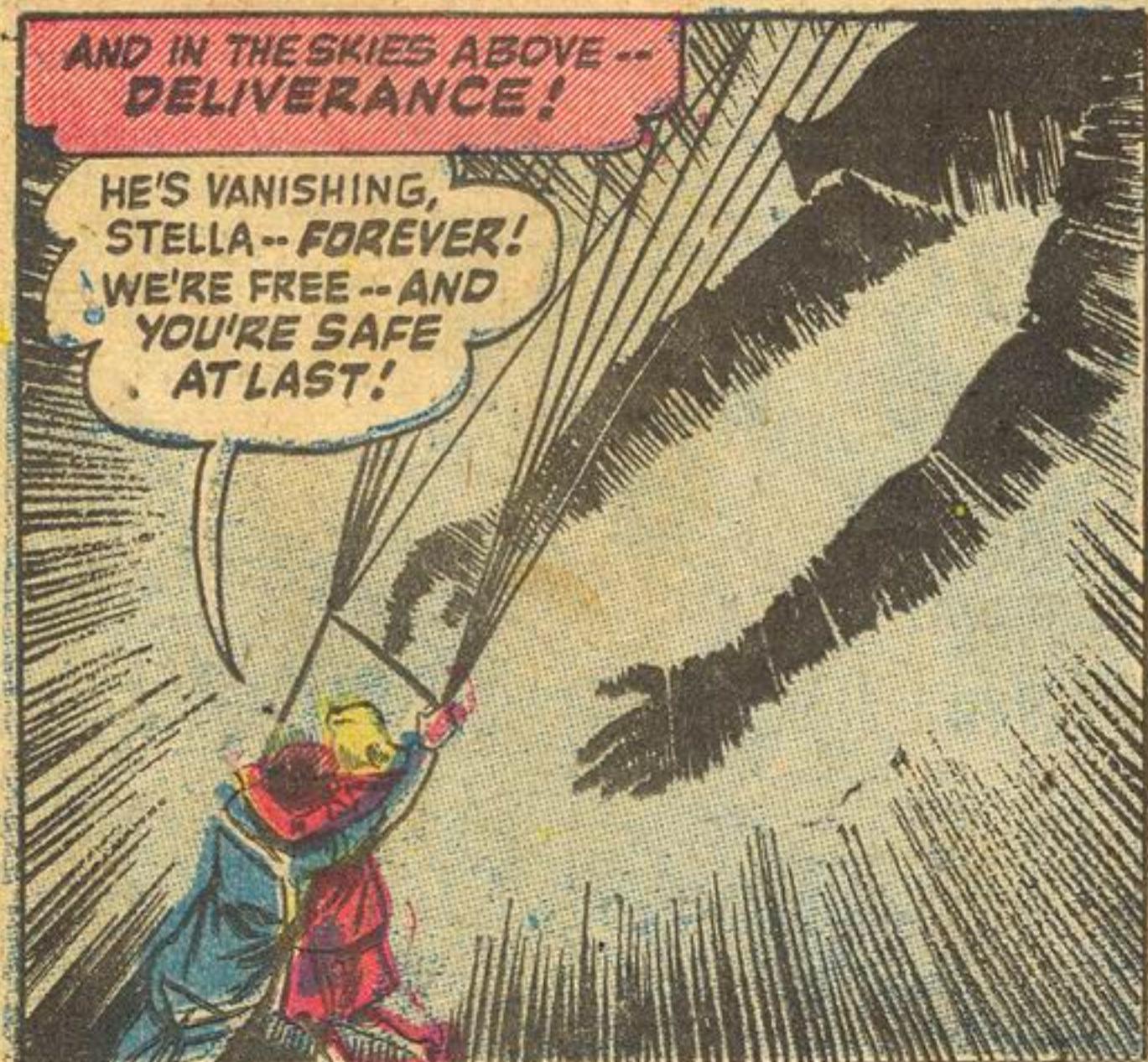
--THE WRECKAGE OF THE PLANE CRASHED ONTO
SOLID GROUND BELOW! AFTER TWO CENTURIES,
THE MASK OF MUMBO HAD COME HOME -- TO
THE ISLAND OF THE KARONIS!

CRASH!



AND IN THE SKIES ABOVE --
DELIVERANCE!

HE'S VANISHING,
STELLA -- FOREVER!
WE'RE FREE -- AND
YOU'RE SAFE
. AT LAST!



OFTEN, FROM THE UNSEEN WORLD OF THE BEYOND, COME THE EERIE SOUNDS THAT SERVE AS A MIDNIGHT REMINDER OF WHAT DARKNESS CAN HOLD! THE HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM OF A BANSHEE...THE CACKLING LAUGHTER OF A GHUL CROUCHING IN THE SHADOW OF A GRAVEYARD WALL...THE CHORUSED MUMBLING OF WITCHES GATHERED ON A MISTY HILL! BUT BETTER TO HEAR THESE THAN THE BAYING HOWL THAT HERALDS THE SCURRY OF CLAWED FEET... WHEN AN UNDEAD SPIRIT RISES TO ANSWER THE WAIL OF THE WEREWOLF!

The WAIL of The WEREWOLF



IN A LARGE
RADIO STUDIO...

TED, REALLY!
AFTER BEING
TOO BUSY TO
DATE ME FOR
WEEKS...NOW
YOU SUGGEST
DRIVING OUT
TO A SPOOKY PLACE
LIKE MOONLIGHT
RIDGE!

WHAT'S SPOOKY
ABOUT IT? JUST
BECAUSE THERE
USED TO BE A
VILLAGE OUT
THERE...SO LONG
AGO THAT EVEN
THE RUINS
HAVE VANISHED?

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE
PEOPLE WHO ARE
SUPPOSED TO HAVE
VANISHED, TED?
EVERYONE BE-
LIEVES IT...AND
THAT'S WHY NO
ONE GOES TO
MOONLIGHT
RIDGE...NOT
EVEN HUNTERS!

DON'T INCLUDE
A CERTAIN RADIO
TECHNICIAN,
HONEY...BE-
CAUSE I WAS
OUT THERE...
YESTERDAY!



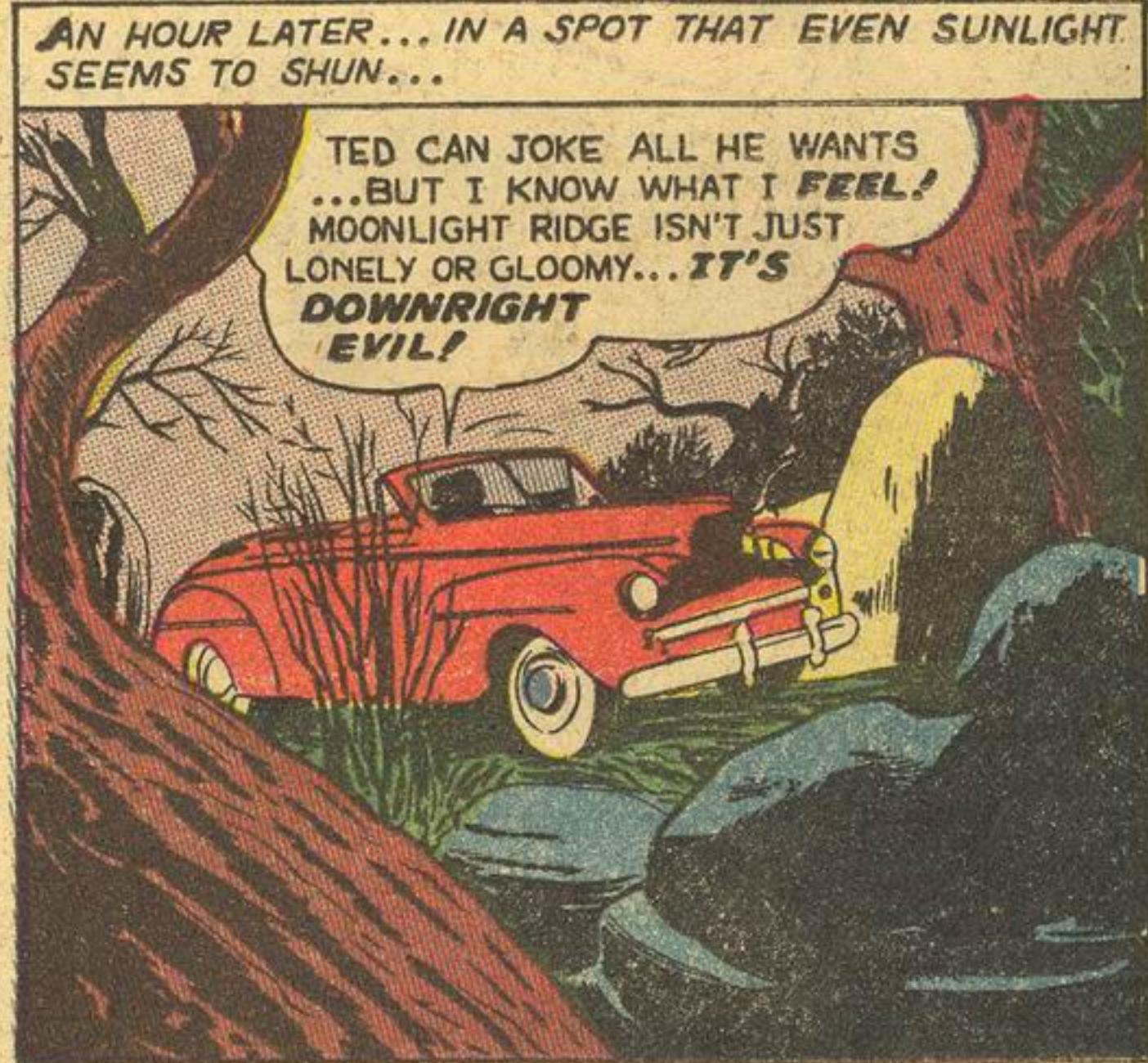
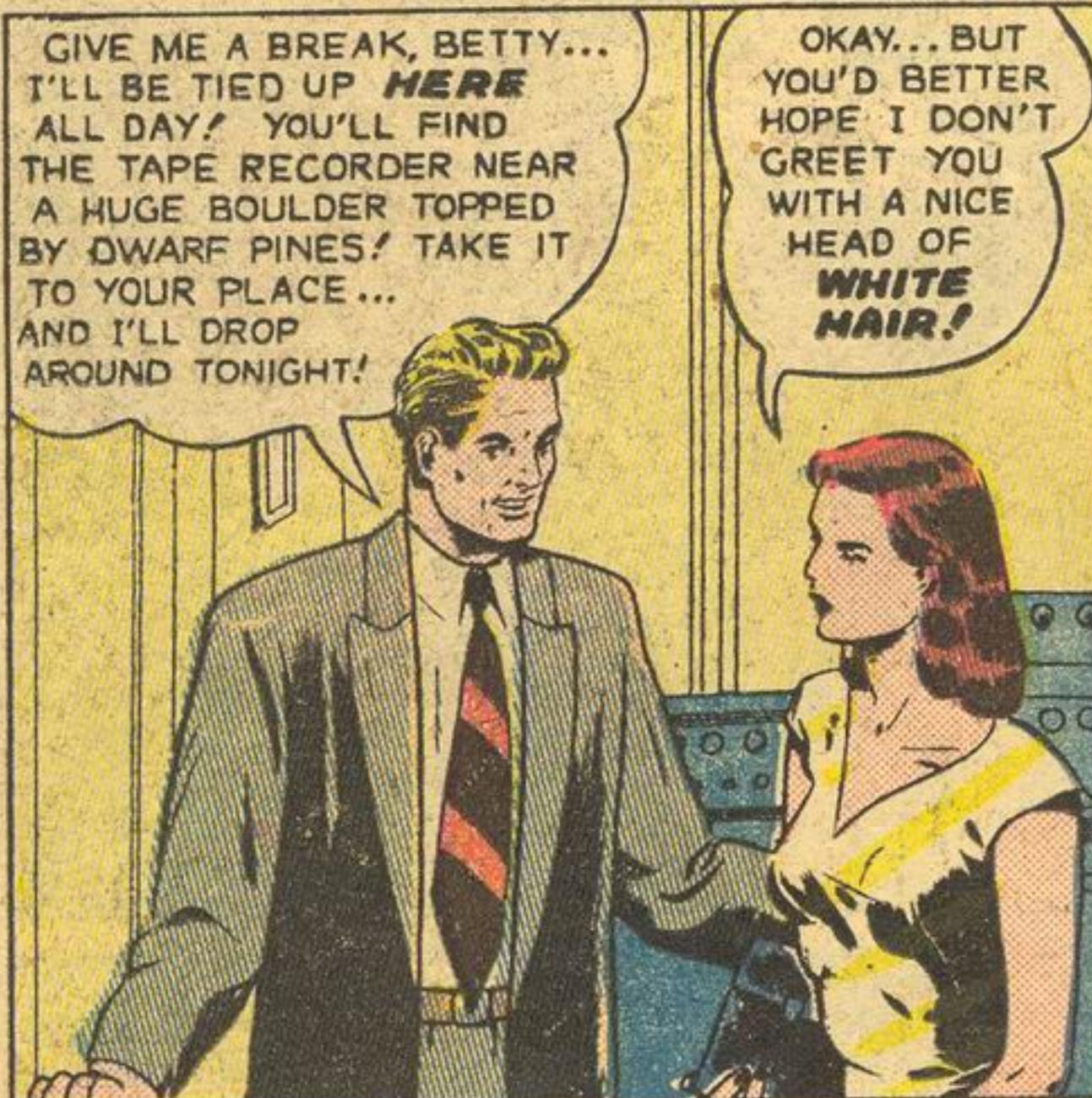
IT'S LIKE THIS, BETTY! WE NEED A BACKGROUND EFFECT FOR A NEW SHOW...A MEDLEY OF SOUNDS YOU'D HEAR AT NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY! CRICKETS, TREE FROGS, MAYBE A FEW OWLS... ANYTHING THAT'LL BUILD UP ATMOSPHERE! I DIDN'T EXPECT THE WILD LIFE TO COOPERATE WITH ME AROUND, SO I LEFT A TAPE RECORDER...AUTOMATICALLY SET TO SWITCH ON AT MID-NIGHT AND PICK UP THE SOUND EFFECTS!

AND NOW YOU WANT TO DRIVE OUT TO GET THE RECORDER, HUH?

PHONE, TED! SHAKE IT UP...IT'S YOUR PRODUCER!

SURE, MR. JACKSON...I CAN HANDLE THAT STUDIO SIX JOB IF YOU'RE IN A RUSH! I WAS GOING TO MOONLIGHT RIDGE...BUT I PROBABLY CAN SEND SOMEONE ELSE!

IF YOU'RE THINKING OF ME, TED WALTON... GUESS AGAIN!



NO HUMAN LEFT THAT FOOTPRINT... AND IT WASN'T AN ANIMAL EITHER! IT'S THE TRACK OF SOMETHING WITH CLAWED FEET... AND I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE I SEE THE REST OF IT!



THAT NIGHT...

NO USE BROODING ABOUT THOSE TRACKS AT MOONLIGHT RIDGE ... THEY'RE MILES AWAY! WHILE I'M WAITING FOR TED, I MIGHT AS WELL SWITCH ON THE TAPE RECORDER... AND DIM THE LIGHTS TO PROVIDE THE RIGHT ATMOSPHERE!



FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, A SOFT CHANT RISES FROM THE RECORDER ... LULLING AS MOONBEAMS!

THE TAPE PICKED UP EVERYTHING... IT'S JUST LIKE BEING OUT UNDER THE STARS! CRICKETS CHIRPING LIKE CRAZY... AND THERE'S A WHIPPOORWILL IN THE DISTANCE... AND...



SUDDENLY... SHARP AND JAGGED AS A ROW OF FANGS...

GOOD HEAVENS!



FOR A FLEETING INSTANT, THE PIERCING HOWL SEEMS TO TAKE SHAPE... LIKE A THING SPAWNED BY MIDNIGHT ON MOONLIGHT RIDGE!

OH! THAT CAN'T BE REAL!



IT'S GONE! WHAT I SAW COULD BE MY IMAGINATION... BUT THAT CAN'T EXPLAIN WHAT I HEARD! SOMETHING HOWLED ON MOONLIGHT RIDGE LAST NIGHT... AND IT'S THE CREATURE THAT LEFT THOSE HIDEOUS FOOT-PRINTS!

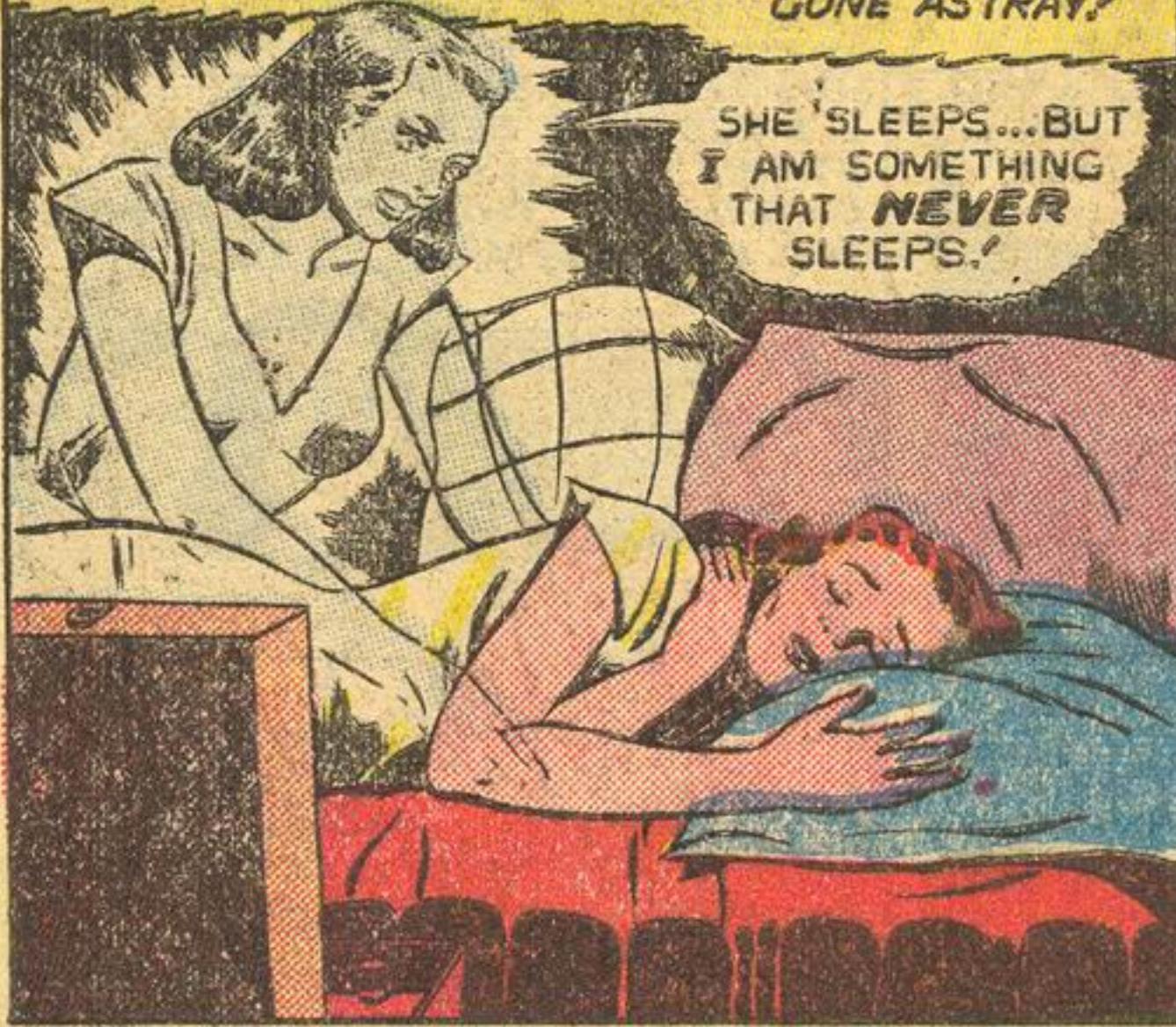


THEN... WEIGHED DOWN BY A THROBBING WEARINESS...

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME! SOMETHING'S WARNING ME TO FIGHT OFF SLEEP... BUT I CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OPEN!

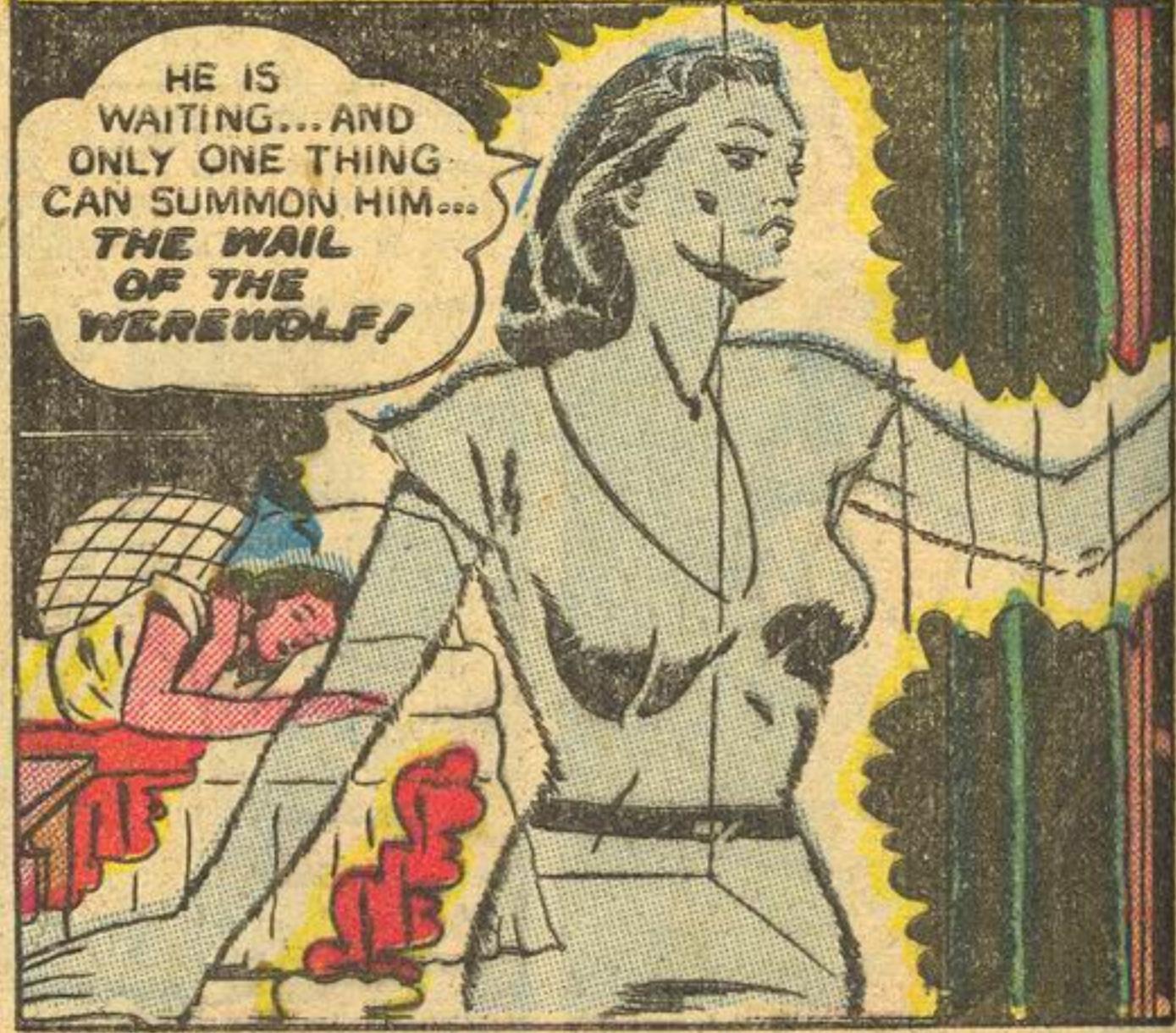


A GLOWING FIGURE TAKES SHAPE AS BETTY DRIFTS INTO DEEP SLUMBER... HER SPIRIT SELF... BEARING THE EVIL STAMP OF A SOUL GONE ASTRAY!



SHE SLEEPS... BUT I AM SOMETHING THAT NEVER SLEEPS!

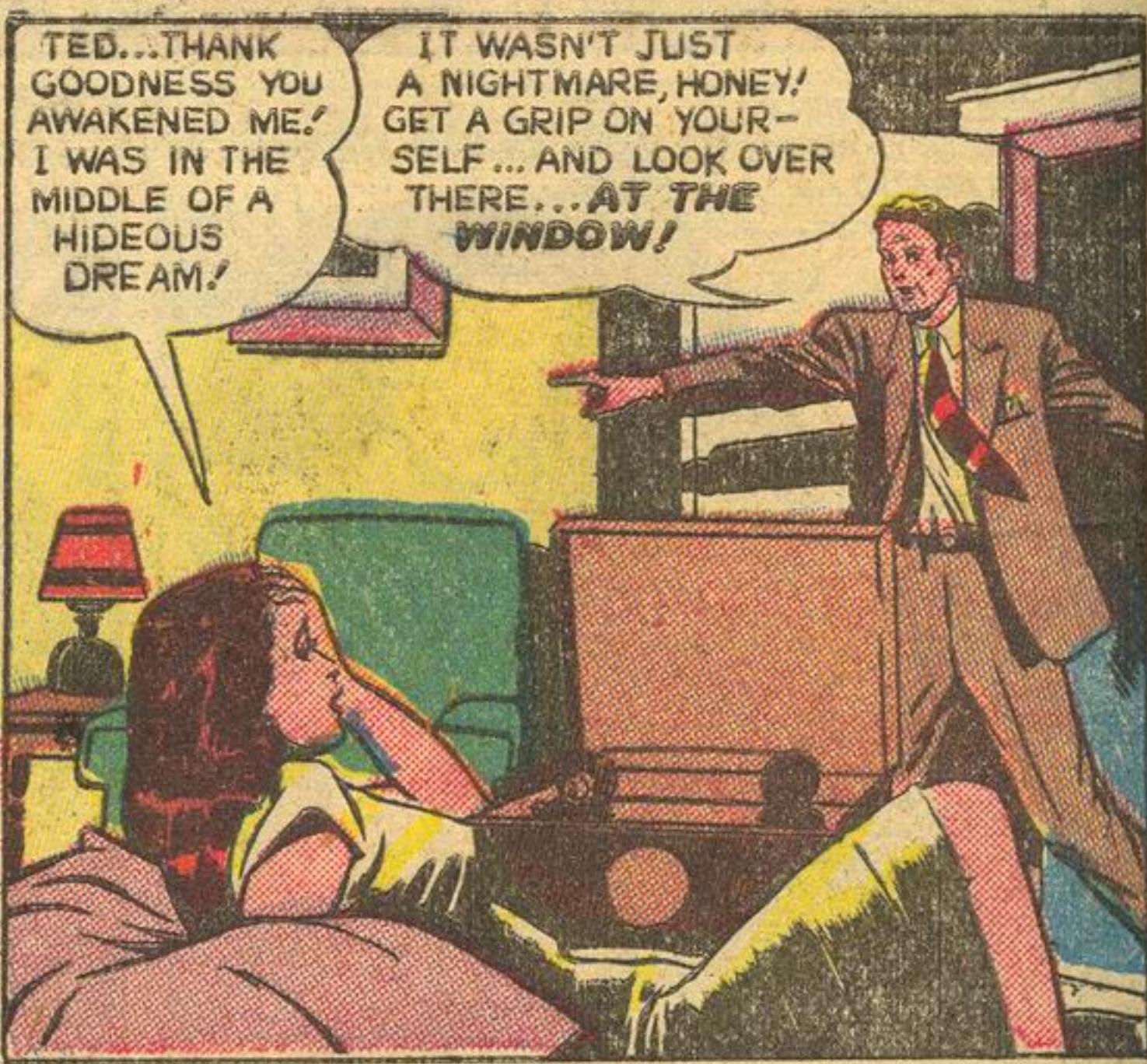
AS IF OBEDIING AN UNSPOKEN COMMAND... THE GLIDING SPIRIT TURNS...



HE IS WAITING... AND ONLY ONE THING CAN SUMMON HIM... THE WAIL OF THE WEREWOLF!



GOOD LORD! THAT THING LOOKS LIKE BETTY... BUT NOTHING HUMAN EVER SOUNDED LIKE THAT!



TED... THANK GOODNESS YOU AWAKENED ME! I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A HIDEOUS DREAM!



AAOOO!

BIT BY BIT... TIMED TO THE SCUDDING APPROACH OF A STEP THAT IS NEITHER FOOT NOR PAW...



MAH! HOW CAN THE BODY ESCAPE ME... WHEN THE SPIRIT BECOMES MY SLAVE?

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS A WEREWOLF I SAW... RIGHT AFTER I HEARD THAT THROBBING HOWL!

NEVER BEFORE HAS THE WAIL OF THE WEREWOLF CARRIED THIS FAR FROM MOONLIGHT RIDGE... BUT NOW THAT IT HAS REACHED YOUR EARS.... YOU ARE DOOMED BEYOND HOPE!

SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE ON MOONLIGHT RIDGE! ONE BY ONE, THEY HEARD YOUR HOWL--AND THEIR SPIRITS ROSE TO GUIDE YOU WHILE THEY SLEPT!



A SLEEP FROM WHICH THEY NEVER AWAKENED! YOU'VE GUessed THAT MUCH... WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW THE REST? ORDINARILY, A WEREWOLF CANNOT WANDER FROM HIS LAIR... HE CAN SEEK HIS VICTIMS ONLY AS FAR

AS THE SOUND OF HIS HOWL CAN BE HEARD! THAT IS WHY I COULD NOT LEAVE MOONLIGHT RIDGE-- UNTIL TONIGHT!

SLOWLY... THE MONSTROUS FIGURE PADS CLOSER!

AND NOW DO YOU THINK YOU CAN FLEE... WHEN NIGHT AFTER NIGHT YOUR SPIRITS WILL WAIL INTO THE DARKNESS... BRINGING ME TO YOUR BEDSIDE? TONIGHT I WILL CLAIM HER... TOMORROW NIGHT IT WILL BE YOU!



BETTY... DON'T LET THIS CREEP GET TOO CLOSE!

AS THE WEREWOLF LUNGES...HIS SLATHERING JAWS AGAPE...



THEN...WITH A SINGLE EFFORTLESS MOTION...



ON THE NEXT SECOND...



RISING FROM THE SHADOWS IN A MUFFLED CHORUS...

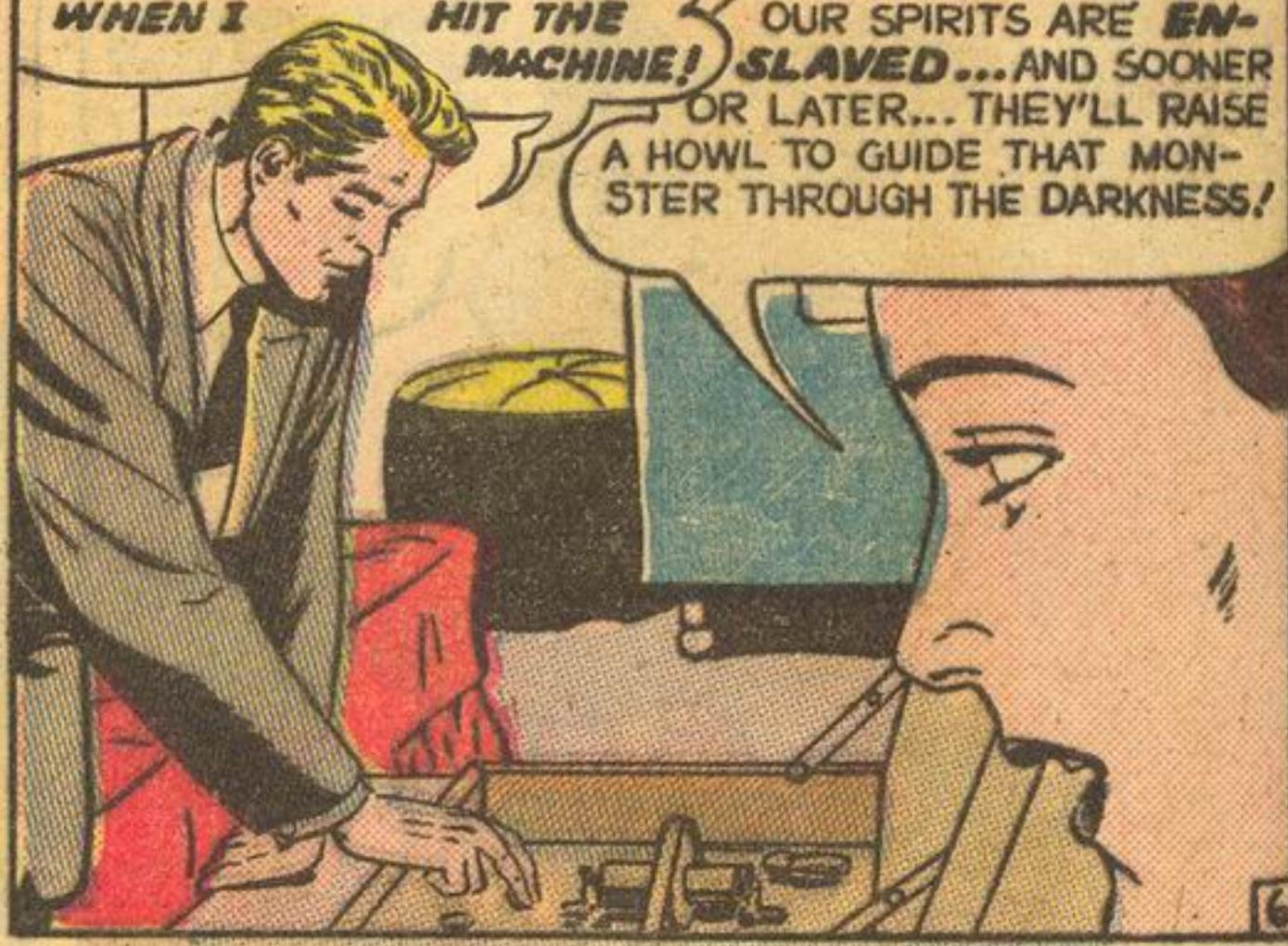


THERE IS ONLY ONE SAFE HIDING PLACE FOR THINGS LIKE US! HURRY...HURRY... BACK TO THE LAIR I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT!



AS THE WEREWOLF AND THE CAPTIVE SPIRIT SCUTTLE INTO THE DARKNESS...

HERE'S WHERE THOSE GHOSTLY VOICES CAME FROM! THEY WERE RECORDED ON THE TAPE...AND THE PLAYBACK STARTED WHEN I HIT THE MACHINE! WE'RE SAFE FOR TONIGHT, TED...BUT REMEMBER WHAT THE WEREWOLF SAID? OUR SPIRITS ARE EN-SLAVED...AND SOONER OR LATER...THEY'LL RAISE A HOWL TO GUIDE THAT MONSTER THROUGH THE DARKNESS!



HONEY, THOSE VOICES WERE PICKED UP BY THE RECORDER ON MOONLIGHT RIDGE... AND THEY'RE SOMETHING THE WEREWOLF FEARS! THEY'RE WAITING TO TAKE THEIR REVENGE... AND MAYBE THEIR SPIRITS WILL BE SET FREE... IF WE CAN FIND THEM!



TED, WE CAN'T RETURN TO MOONLIGHT RIDGE... THE VERY PLACE WHERE THE WEREWOLF LURKS!

MAYBE THAT FIEND WILL TRACK US DOWN... BEFORE WE CAN FIND THE ONLY BEINGS ON EARTH ABLE TO COPE WITH HIM! BUT UNLESS YOU'RE WILLING TO WAIT FOR HORROR, BETTY... WE'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE!



THE WIND RUSTLING THROUGH THE STUNTED TREES SEEMED TO WHISPER A WARNING ON MOONLIGHT RIDGE... AND THE VERY ATMOSPHERE SEEMED BLIGHTED BY EVIL!

OKAY, HONEY! WHATEVER HAPPENS NOW... LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!



IT'LL BE TERRIFYING ENOUGH TO FACE THOSE SPIRITS, TED... BUT HOW WILL WE EVER FIND THEM?

THEY MUST BE SOMEWHERE CLOSE TO THE SPOT WHERE I LEFT MY TAPE RECORDER! BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH THEY SPEAK ONLY WHEN THEY HEAR THE WEREWOLF HOWL... AND ONCE HE GETS THAT CLOSE... IT'LL BE TOO LATE FOR THEM TO DO ANYTHING!



TED... LOOK! THERE'S SOMETHING WITH A WEIRD GLOW COMING THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH!

IT'S YOUR SPIRIT! I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THAT THING HAS ONLY ONE UNHOLY PURPOSE... TO KEEP TABS ON US... AND SUMMON THE WEREWOLF!

THE VERY ECHOES TREMBLE INTO THE NIGHT... AS THE WAIL OF THE WEREWOLF SWEEPS ACROSS MOONLIGHT RIDGE!



AAAOOOO!



SUDDENLY...

THE WEREWOLF MADE THIS ROCK OUR TOMB... SET US FREE AND SEAL HIS DOOM!

BETTY... THOSE VOICES! THERE'S WHERE THE SPIRITS ARE... BEHIND THAT BOULDER!



I'M JUST ABOUT TO SWIVEL IT OPEN? NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, BETTY... HERE'S WHERE THE WEREWOLF DISPOSED OF HIS VICTIMS' REMAINS!

TED... THERE'S A SCURRYING NOISE OVER THE DEAD LEAVES? WE'RE TOO LATE... HE'S COMING!

HAA... SO YOU ACTUALLY DARED TO VENTURE HERE! YOUR LAST HOPE IS GONE... YOUR MORTAL LIVES ARE BEHIND YOU!

BEFORE YOU TAKE ANY BETS ON IT, CREEP... HAVE YOU GOT ANY IDEA OF WHAT'S BEHIND YOU?

WEREWOLF TREMBLE... WEREWOLF COWER! OUR SPIRITS WAITED FOR THIS HOUR!

THE AVENGING PHANTOMS... THEY'VE BEEN RELEASED!

LIKE A LIVING FOG, THE SPIRITS CLOSE IN... STIFLING THE FIENDISH SHAPE WRITHING IN THEIR MIDST!

THEN...

OHM! TED... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

DON'T BE ALARMED, BETTY! NOW THAT THE WEREWOLF'S BEEN FINISHED OFF, YOUR SPIRIT IS NO LONGER EVIL... IT'S RETURNING TO YOUR BODY!

LATER...

THANK GOODNESS THAT TAPE RECORDING WAS NEVER BROADCAST, TED! THINK WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED... IF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HAD HEARD THE WAIL OF THE WEREWOLF!

YEP... THAT FIEND WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ROAM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY... WHEREVER HIS HOWL HAD BEEN HEARD! HE'LL NEVER STALK AFTER VICTIMS AGAIN, HONEY... BUT JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE... I'M ERASING THE TAPE THAT RECORDED THE HOWL ON MOONLIGHT RIDGE!

"TRUE" GHOST SHIPS OF HISTORY

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

THE LOOKOUT'S EXCITED CALL BROUGHT TO THE DECK THE THREE GRANDSONS OF QUEEN VICTORIA--PRINCES ALBERT, GEORGE, AND VICTOR, WHO WERE MAKING A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD IN A ROYAL CONVOY!

SHIP AHoy!
A... A SHIP
IN THE AIR!

ON JULY
11TH, 1881,
OFF THE
COAST OF
SYDNEY,
AUSTRALIA...

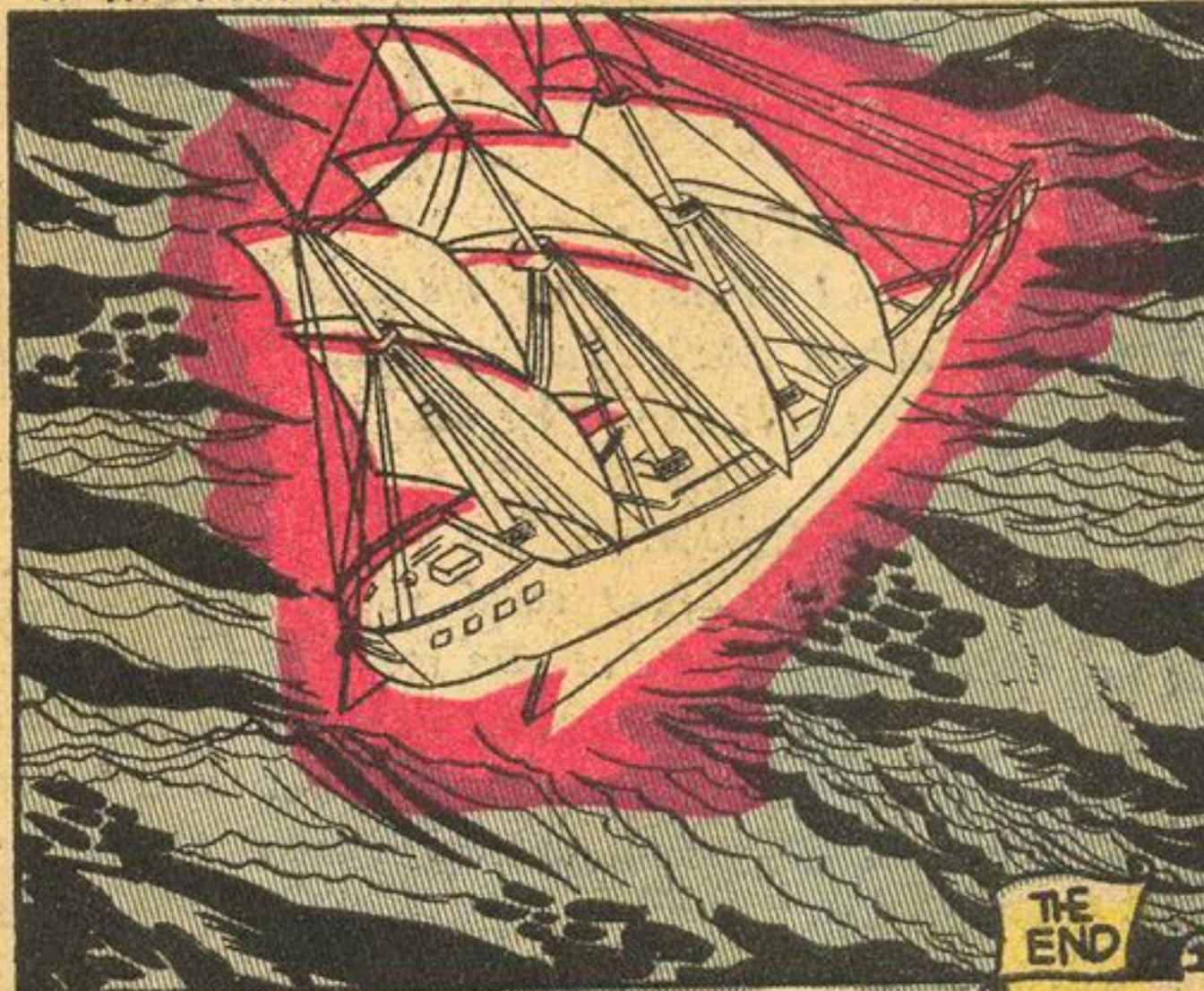
IT IS A
SHIP IN
THE AIR!
YES-- AND LOOK
AT THAT GHOSTLY
RED GLOW
AROUND IT!

IT CAN ONLY BE ONE
THING-- THE LEGEND-
ARY FLYING
DUTCHMAN!

SPECTATORS
ABOARD EACH
OF THE THREE
BRITISH SHIPS
MAKING UP
THE ROYAL
CONVOY SAW
THAT ANCIENT,
GHOSTLY BRIG
SAILING PAST
THEM THROUGH
THE AIR-- AND
KNEW IT WAS
THE FLYING
DUTCHMAN,
THE SHIP THAT
WAS CONDEMNED
TO TACK INTO
A HEADWIND,
FOREVER
UNABLE
TO MAKE
PORT!

AND SOMEWHERE ABOVE ONE OF THE SEVEN SEAS, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN MUST STILL BE SAILING IN ITS NEVER-ENDING QUEST FOR PORT! DON'T YOU BE THE FIRST ONE TO SIGHT IT THE NEXT TIME IT MAKES AN APPEARANCE!

AS THE
LEGEND HAS
IT, THE FIRST
MAN TO
SIGHT THE
FLYING DUTCH-
MAN MUST
DIE VIOLENTLY
-- AND THE
LOOKOUT
ABOARD THE
ROYAL SHIP
WAS NO
EXCEPTION--
FOR AS THE
GHOST-SHIP
VANISHED,
THE LOOKOUT
FELL FROM
THE FORE-TOP-
GALLANT SAIL
TO A HORRIBLE
DEATH ON
THE DECK
BELOW!



EDITOR



LET'S GET RIGHT down to cases, all you loyal and wonderful fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown". Just a moment to greet you and hope that things have been well with you...then on into a subject which we know will interest you!

That subject concerns skeptics...the sort of people who not only won't believe anything, but scoff at everything which isn't a part of their daily routine. More particularly, it concerns those among us who place neither credence nor interest in the great and challenging realm of the supernatural. Now, let's let our hair down. We neither ask nor expect folks to believe implicitly in ghosts, zombies, werewolves or any of the weird denizens that throng the vast Unknown. We do say that there is more in this world of ours...and beyond it...than mortal man can grasp. All the more reason, then, to thrill to such captivating and imaginative stories as those featured in "Adventures Into The Unknown"! But to dismiss them because of a present lack of positive scientific proof is to rob one's self of a gripping and spine-tingling adventure in reading which is its own reward.

Recently, we encountered an old friend who was just such a skeptic. Arguments got us nowhere...so your editor

"Dear Editor:-"

I've read a lot of comics in my day, but none can compare with 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. I never miss this wonderful comic. I'd like more stories like 'Curse of The Catacombs', 'Graveyard Wanderer' and 'Ozark Witches'. Keep up the wonderful work...don't ever quit publishing this great book!

"Dear Editor:-"

I think your magazine is the best I've ever read! I liked 'When Time Turned Back' particularly. How about writing a story about the picture on the cover? It would be another wonderful 'first' for 'Adventures Into The Unknown'!

"Dear Editor:-"

I've just read your December issue of 'Adventures Into The Unknown' and you can believe me when I say it's great! Your story, 'The Phantom Seeker' really got me. I sure wish your stories could be made into movies! Please don't ever stop writing such wonderful yarns. I don't have to tell you to keep up the good work...because I know you will. Lots of luck to you now and always!

proceeded to unfold several classic instances of supernatural manifestations. Despite himself, our friend wavered. Then an advance copy of this current issue was shown him. That did it! "I still don't believe all of it," he muttered, "but I've got to admit it makes for the most absorbing, exciting reading I've ever seen!"

That was our victory...we wanted nothing more! If "Adventures Into The Unknown" can thrill, captivate, hold a reader spellbound...it's a success! And this issue hits the mark...of that we're sure! "The Mask of Mumbo", for instance, should take its place as one of the greatest weird stories ever published. And "The Wail of The Werewolf"...that one's geared for midnight thrills! "Witch of the West" is a chilling adventure into the supernatural, and "The Devil's Pact" is guaranteed to grip you throughout. Finally, there's "The Curse of Ukpong", an eerie and tingling yarn that winds up an ace issue!

Write to us, please, and tell us what you think of our stories. Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. We'll try to publish your letter! Here's what some of our other readers think!

--Norma Willenberg, Indianapolis, Ind."

--Bill Butler, St. Petersburg, Fla."

--J. Zimmerman, Chicago, Ill."

WITCH OF THE WEST

You've read witch stories before...and chilled to their eerie menace! You've watched the evil hags as they carried out the dictates of their dread master in strange, far-off lands...in haunted castles! But here's a story that hits closer home...into the heart of America's rangeland! Meet **THE WITCH OF THE WEST**, most fatal of all spectral apparitions...and thrill to her deadly duel with **PROFESSOR DONALD CLARK**...student of the supernatural!

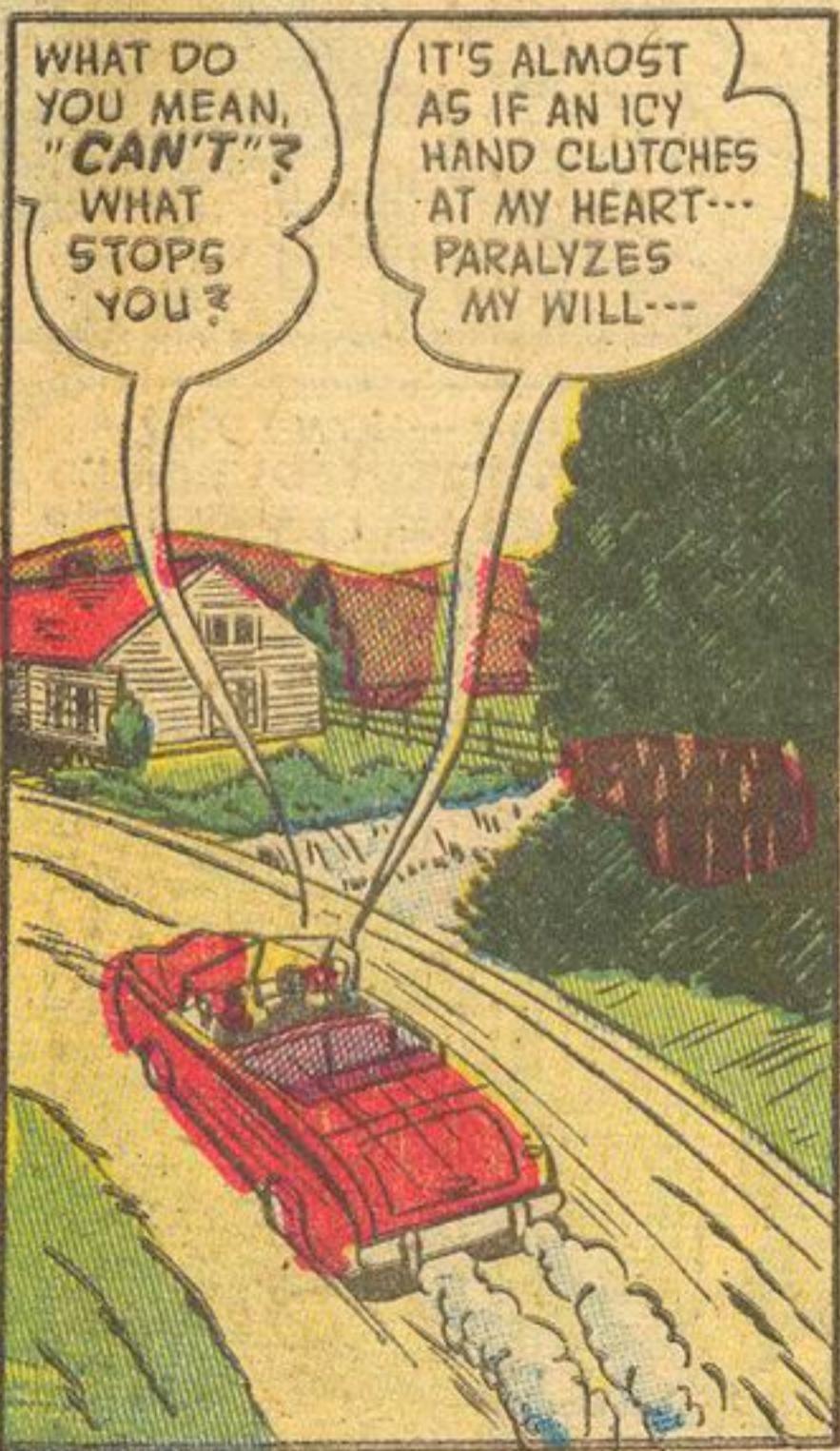
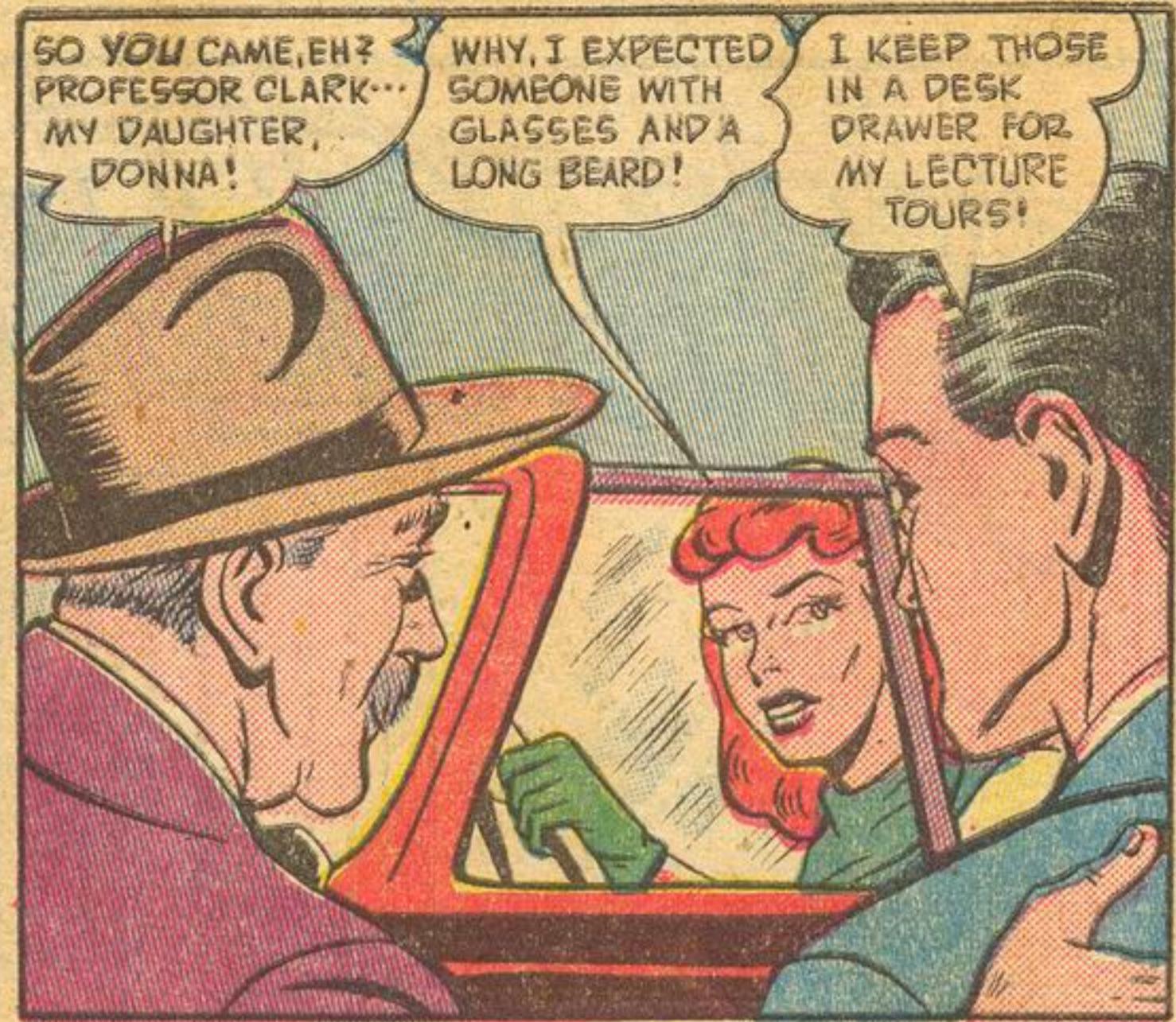
DON CLARK RECEIVES A VISITOR...

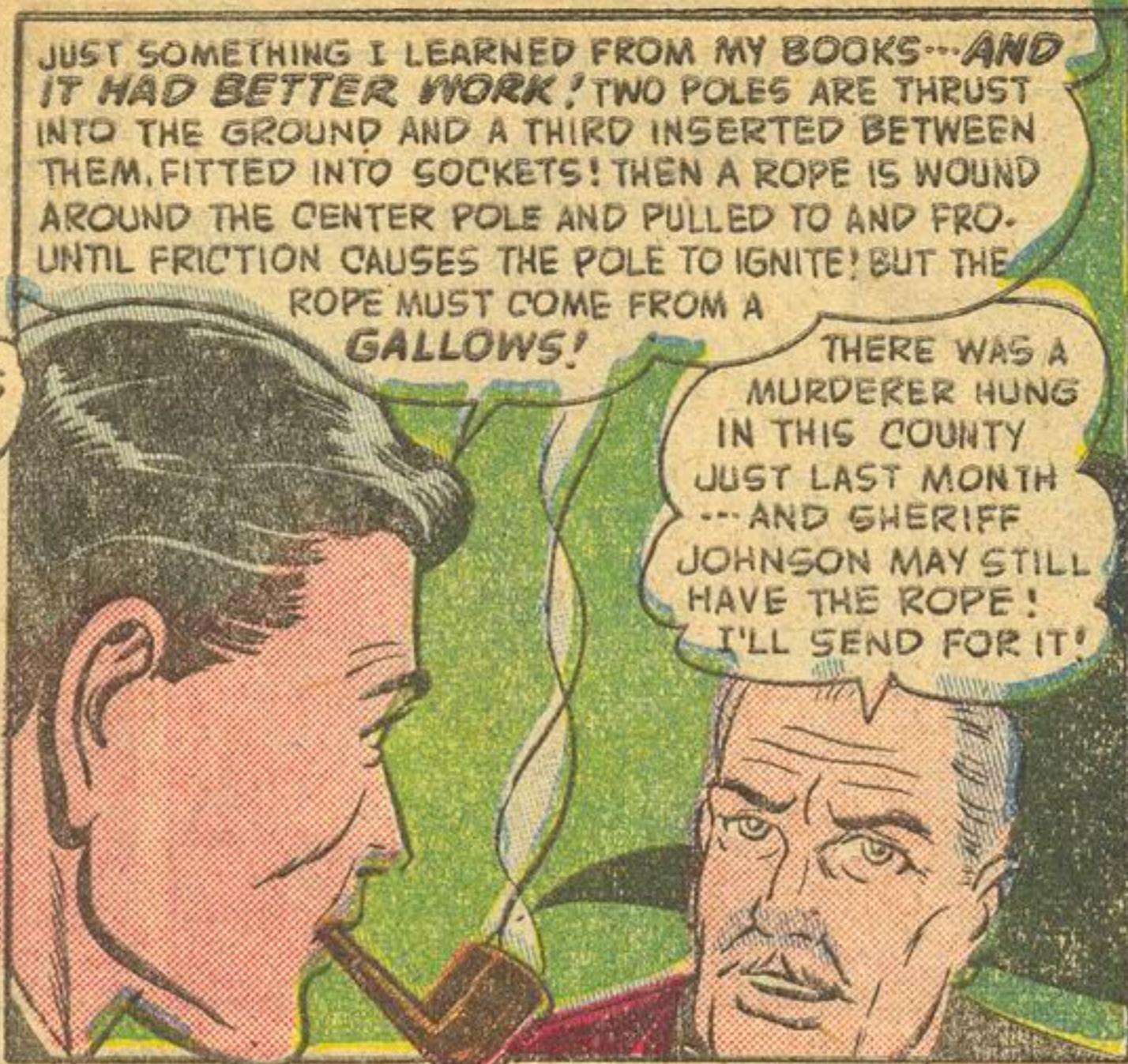
I'VE LOST OVER A THOUSAND HEAD OF CATTLE...AND THE BEST ANIMAL DOCTORS IN THE COUNTRY CAN'T FIGURE OUT **WHY!** THE COWS JUST DIE---WITH NO APPARENT PHYSICAL REASON! **YOU'RE MY LAST HOPE,** PROFESSOR CLARK!

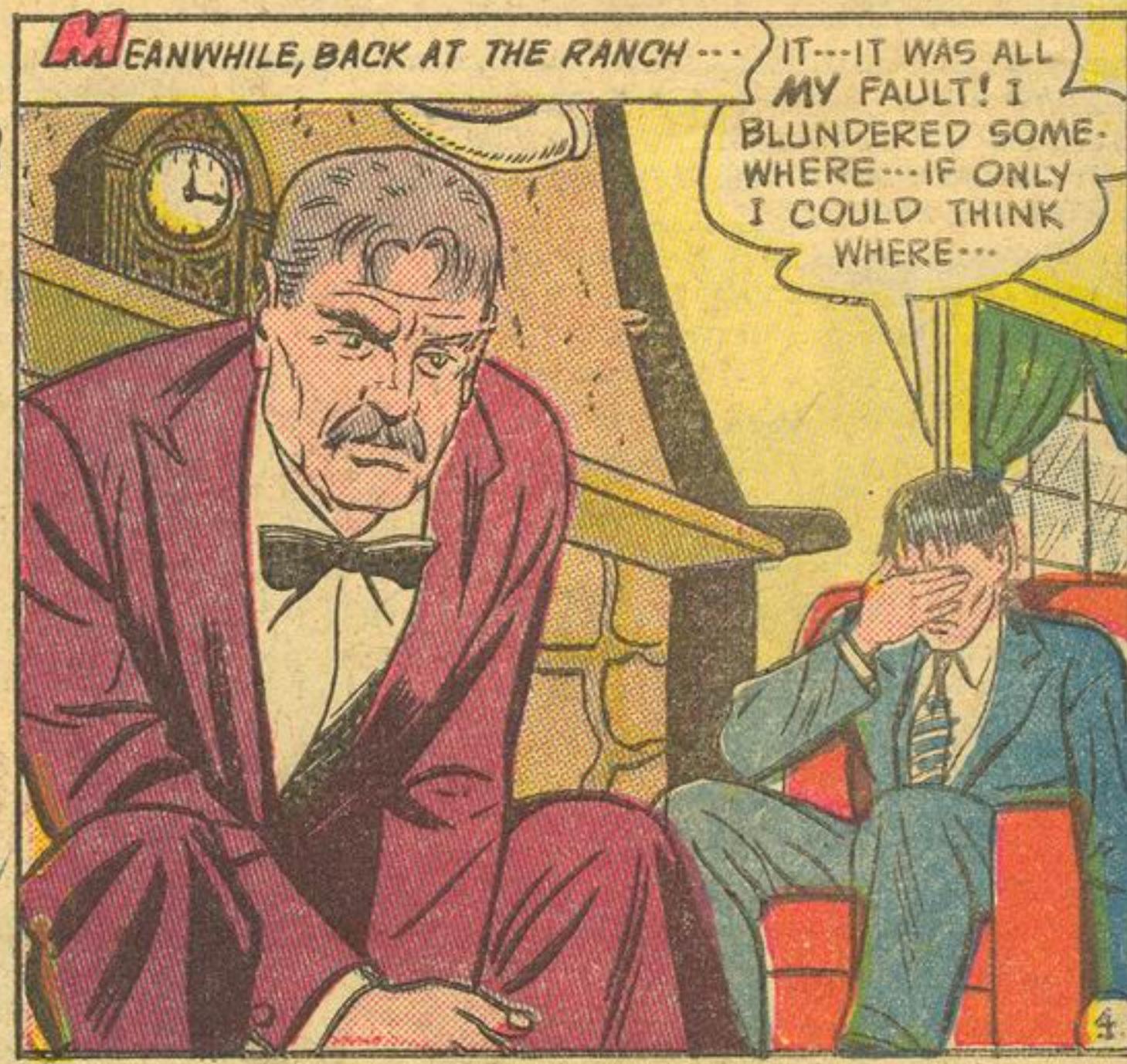
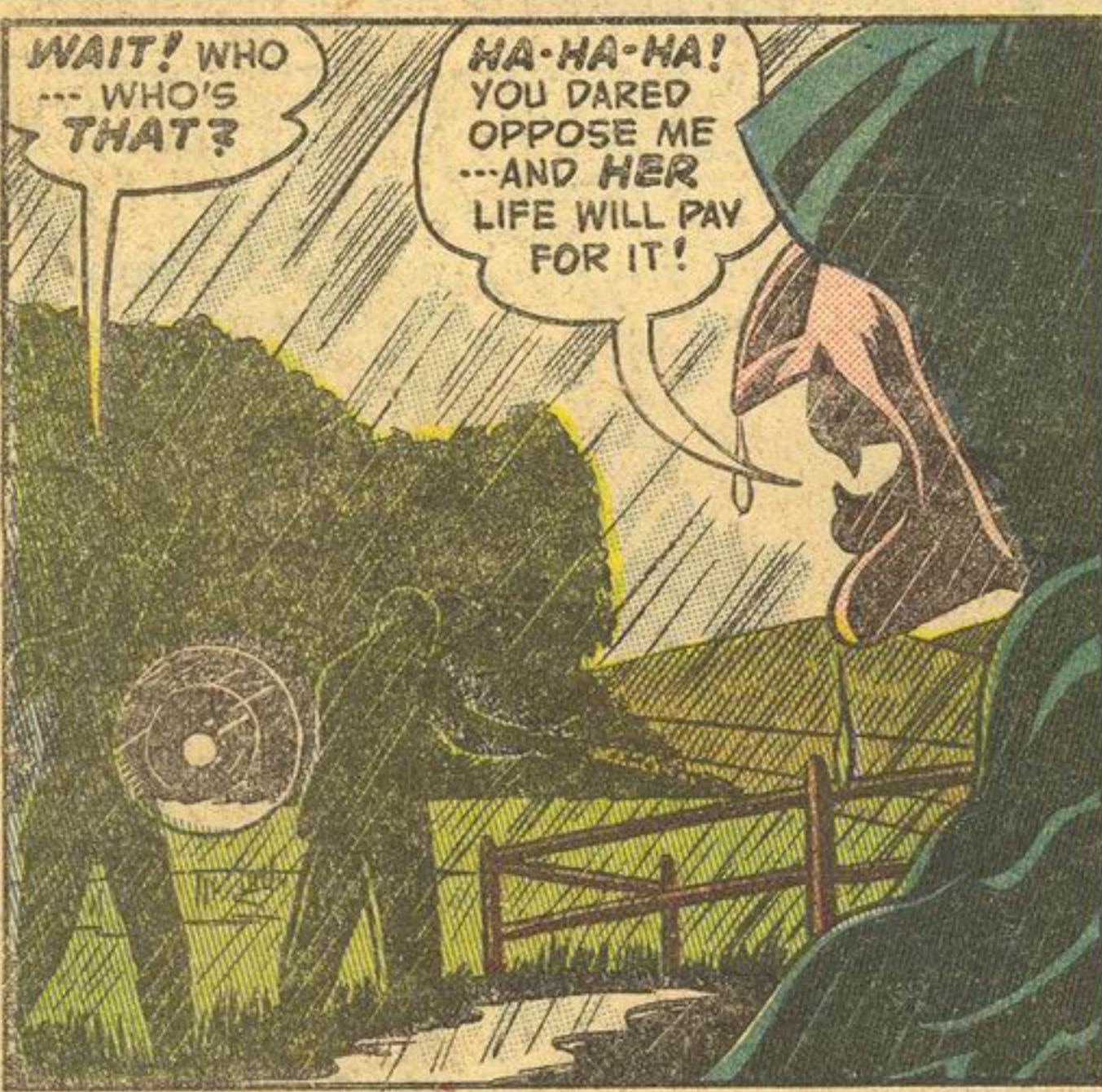
BUT I'M JUST A COLLEGE PROFESSOR, MR. CARTWRIGHT, AND KNOW NOTHING OF CATTLE! HOW CAN I HELP YOU?

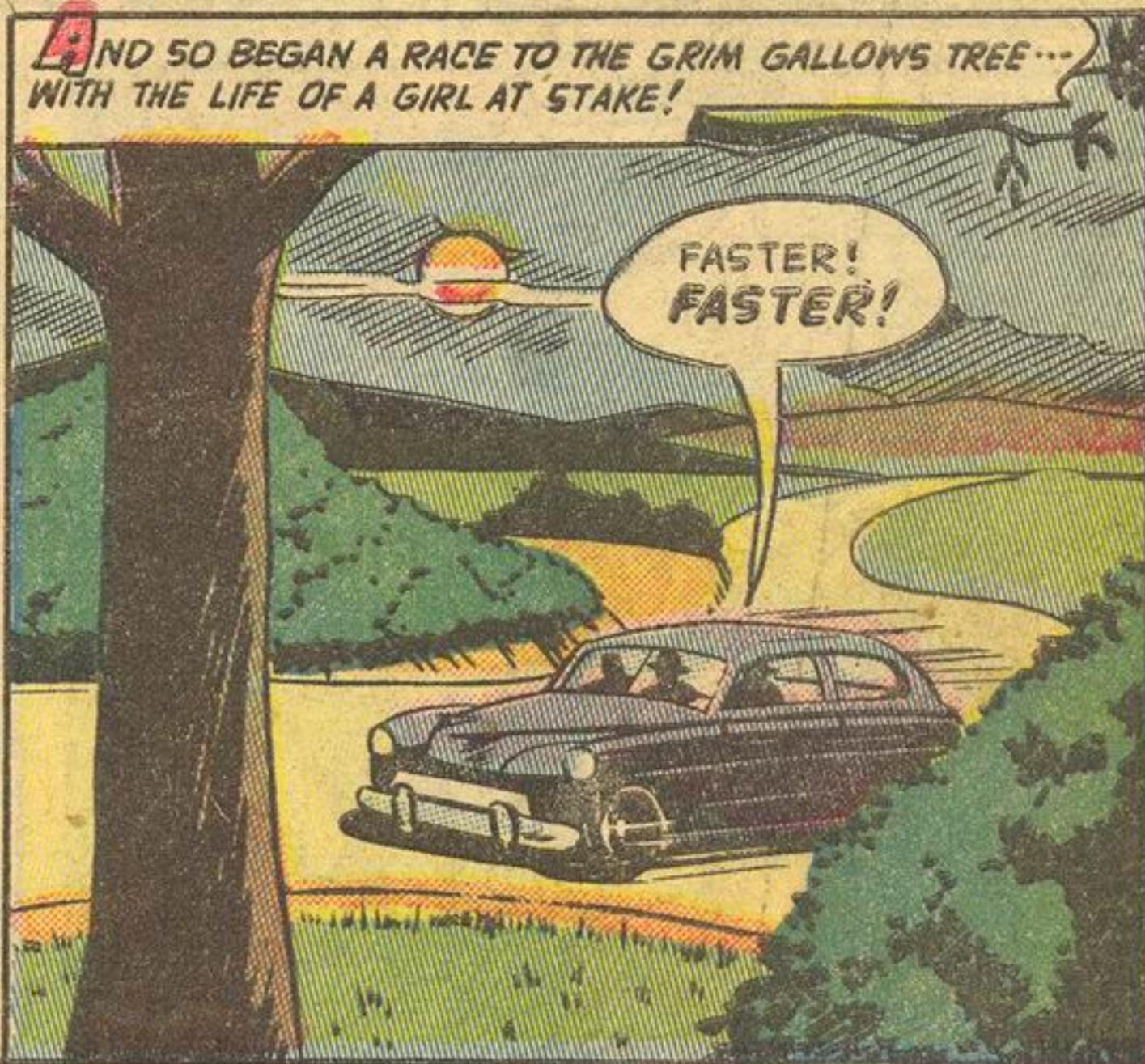
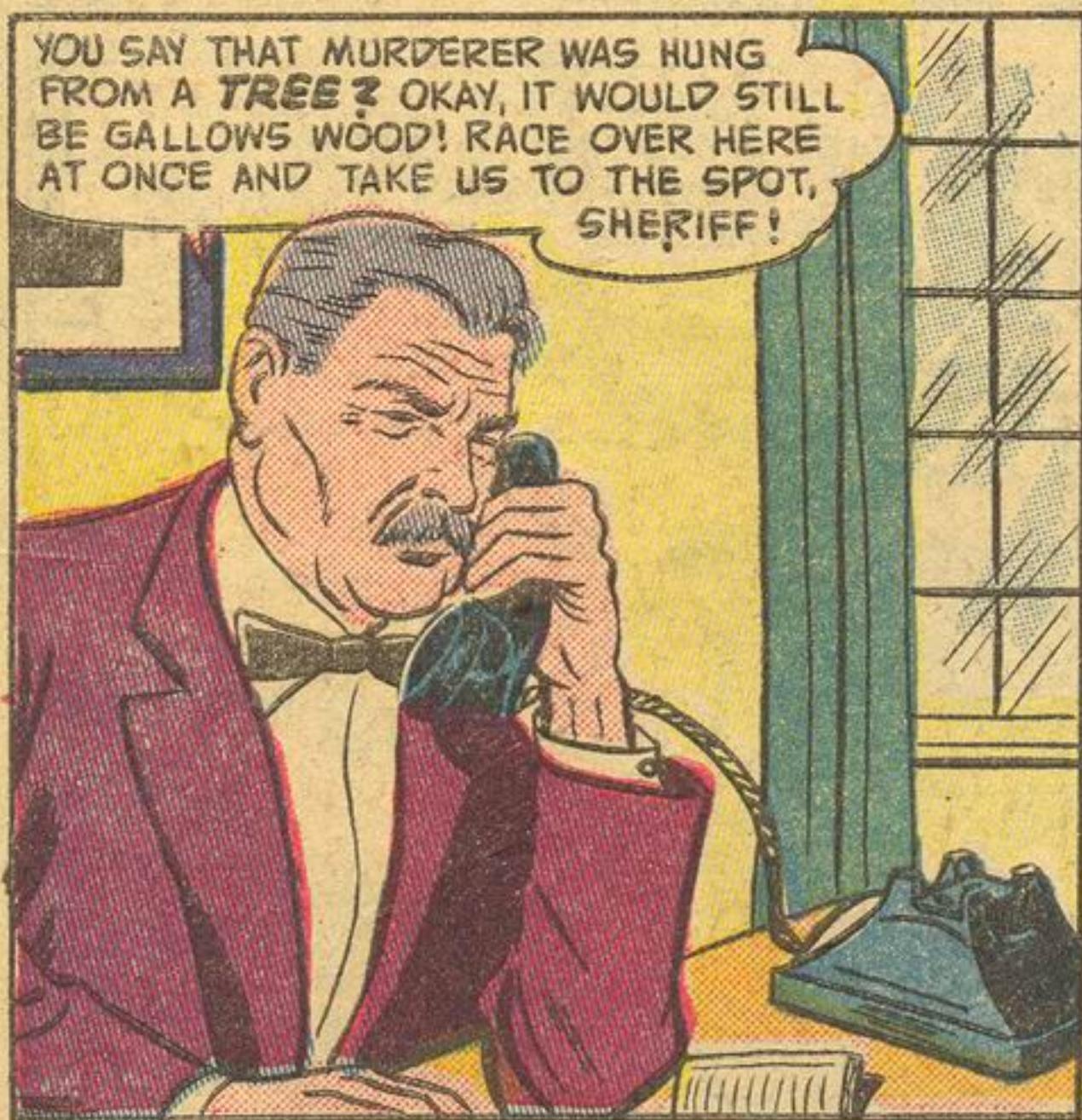
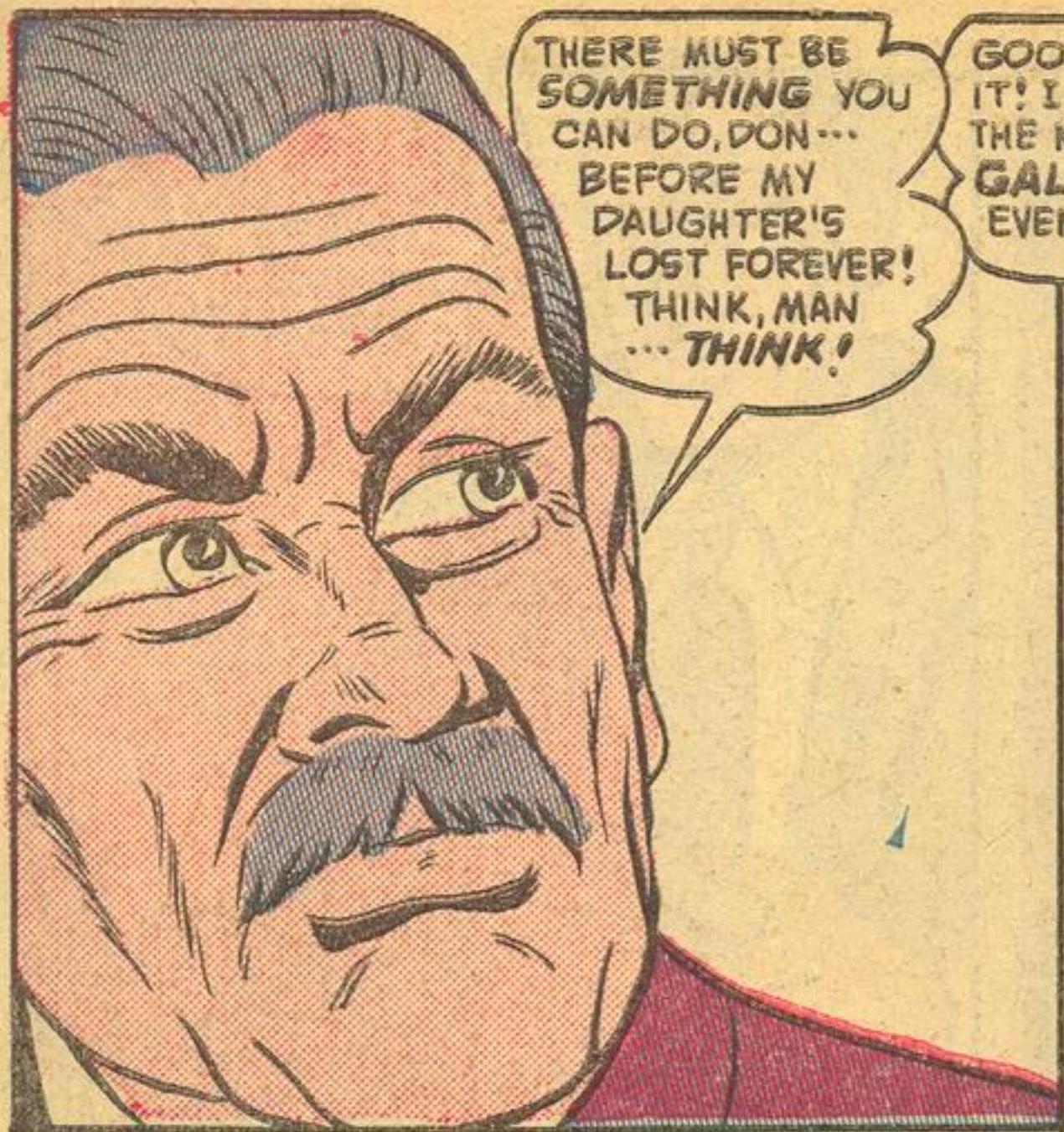
THERE'S REASON TO BELIEVE THAT **SUPERNATURAL** CAUSES LIE BEHIND ALL THIS---AND YOU'RE AN AUTHORITY IN THAT FIELD! YOU...YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!

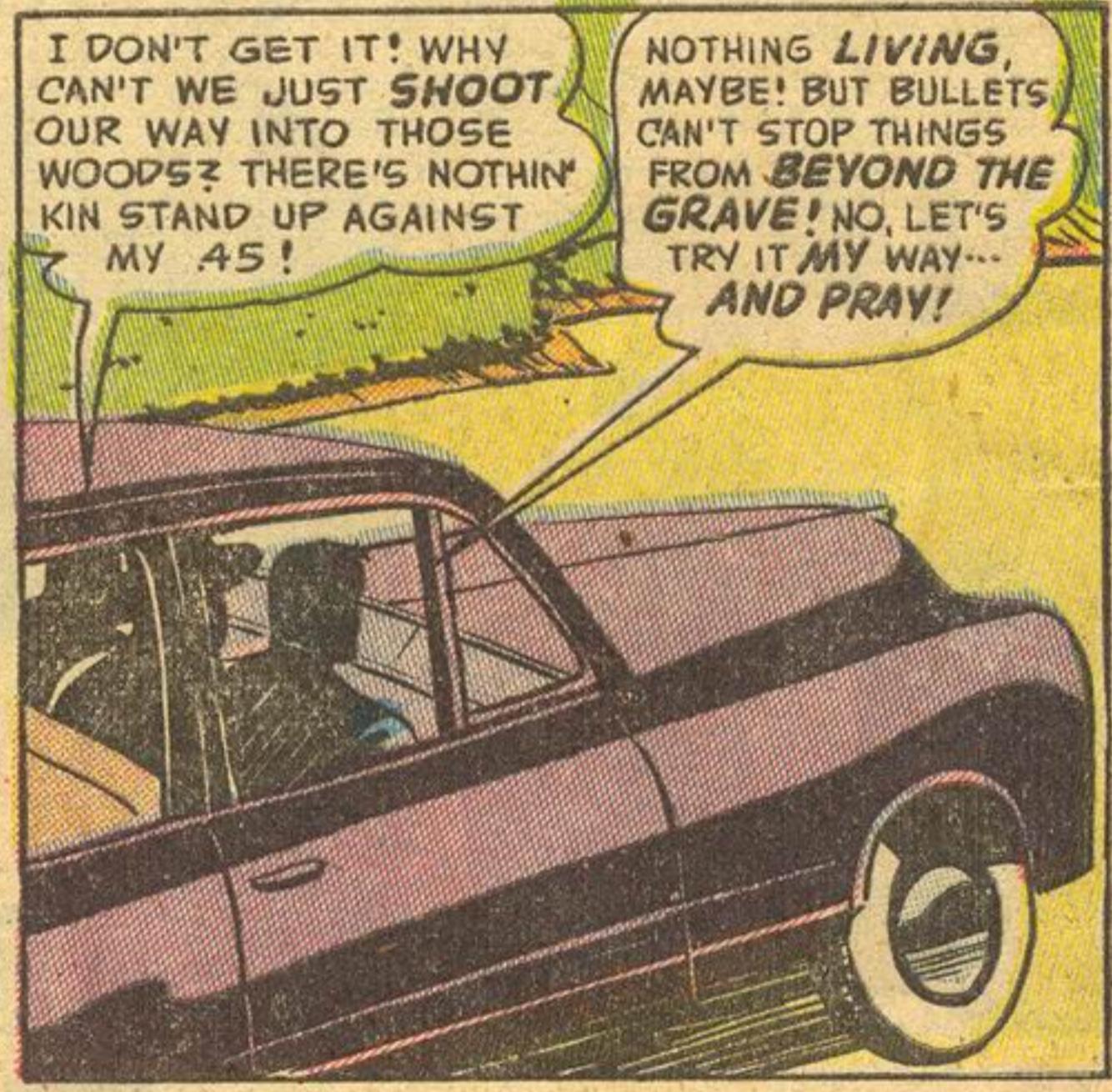
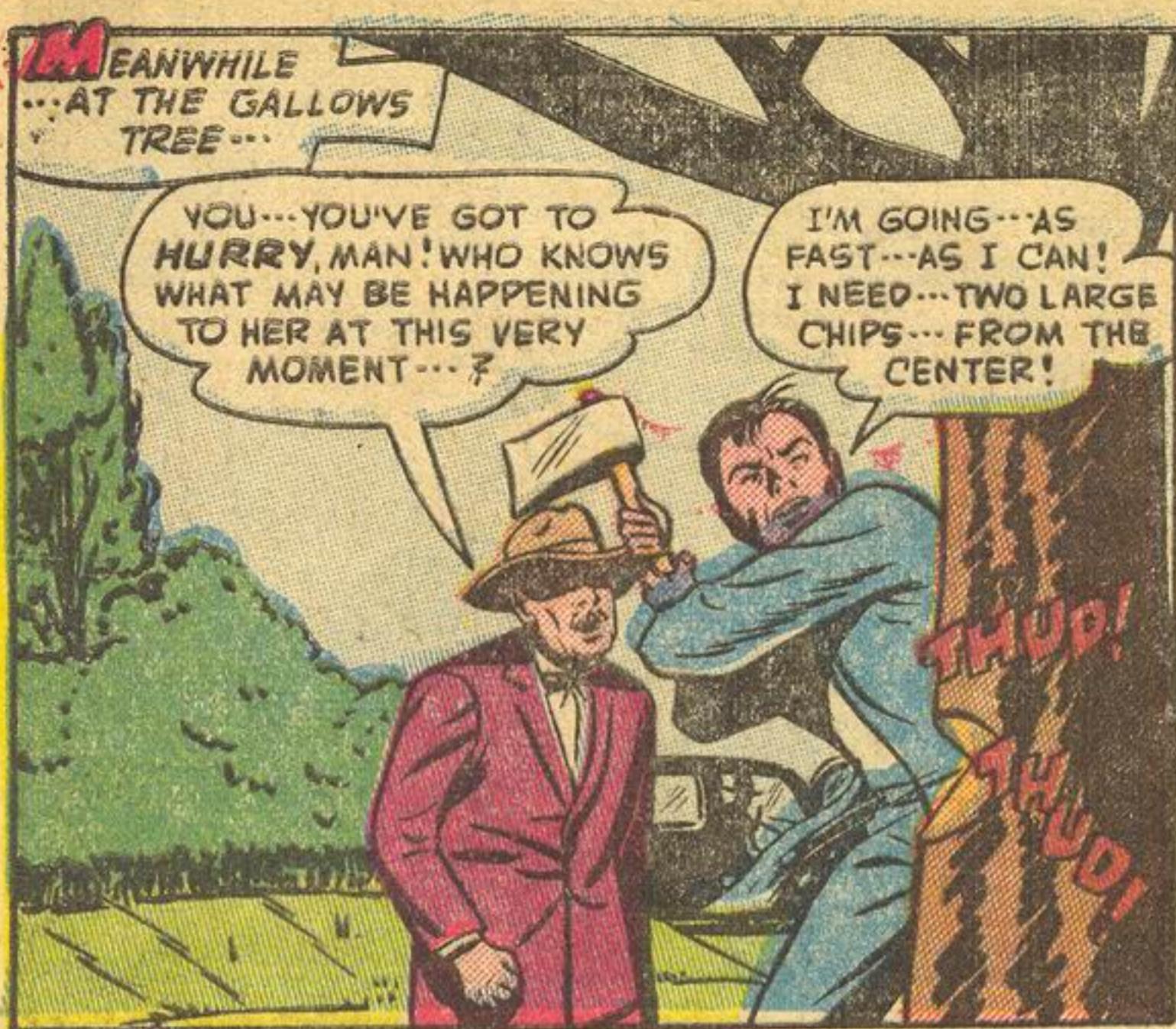
HMM...NOW I AM INTERESTED! THERE ARE NO CLASSES FOR THE NEXT WEEK---WHAT SAY I RUN OUT TO YOUR RANCH WITH YOU AND LOOK THINGS OVER?











HEART RACING IN ANTICIPATION OF THE HORROR THAT MIGHT MEET HIS EYES, DON PLUNGES ONWARD THROUGH THE BLACK, EERIE FOREST ... UNTIL...

FAINTED, HAS SHE? IT WILL TAKE BUT A WAVE OF MY HAND TO REVIVE HER--AND THEN...

THANK GOODNESS I'M NOT TOO LATE!



THIS HAS GOT TO BE QUICK! IF I REMEMBER MY DEMONOLOGY, I'VE GOT TO RUB THESE TWO PIECES OF GALLOWS WOOD TOGETHER, IGNITE THESE DRIED LEAVES...



...AND THEN...THE FATAL COMMAND!

AND NOW...HER TIME HAS COME! DO YOUR WORK, DEMONS!

AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT...

WAIT! DON'T DARE TOUCH THIS GIRL!

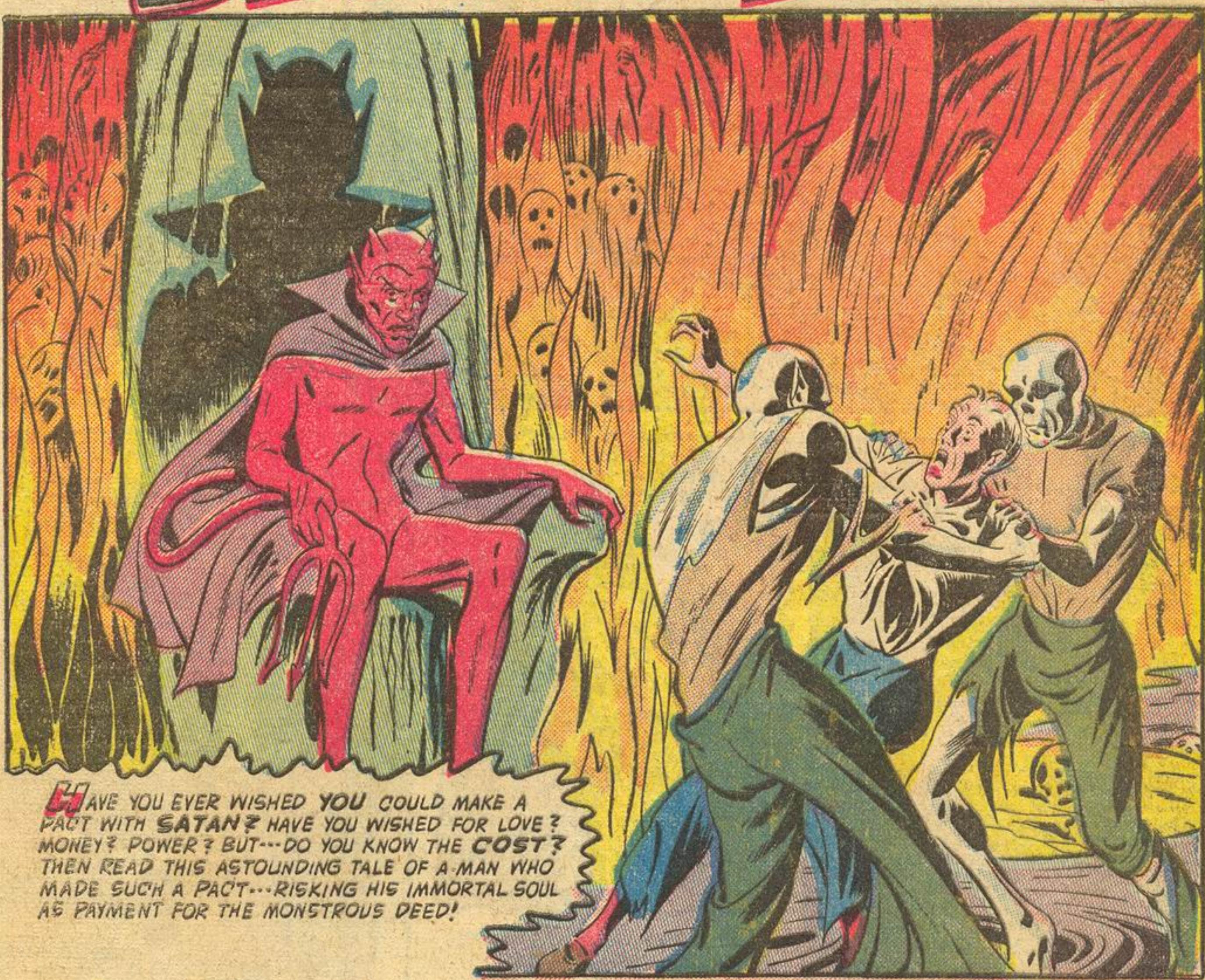


OH, DON...DON!
THANK HEAVENS!

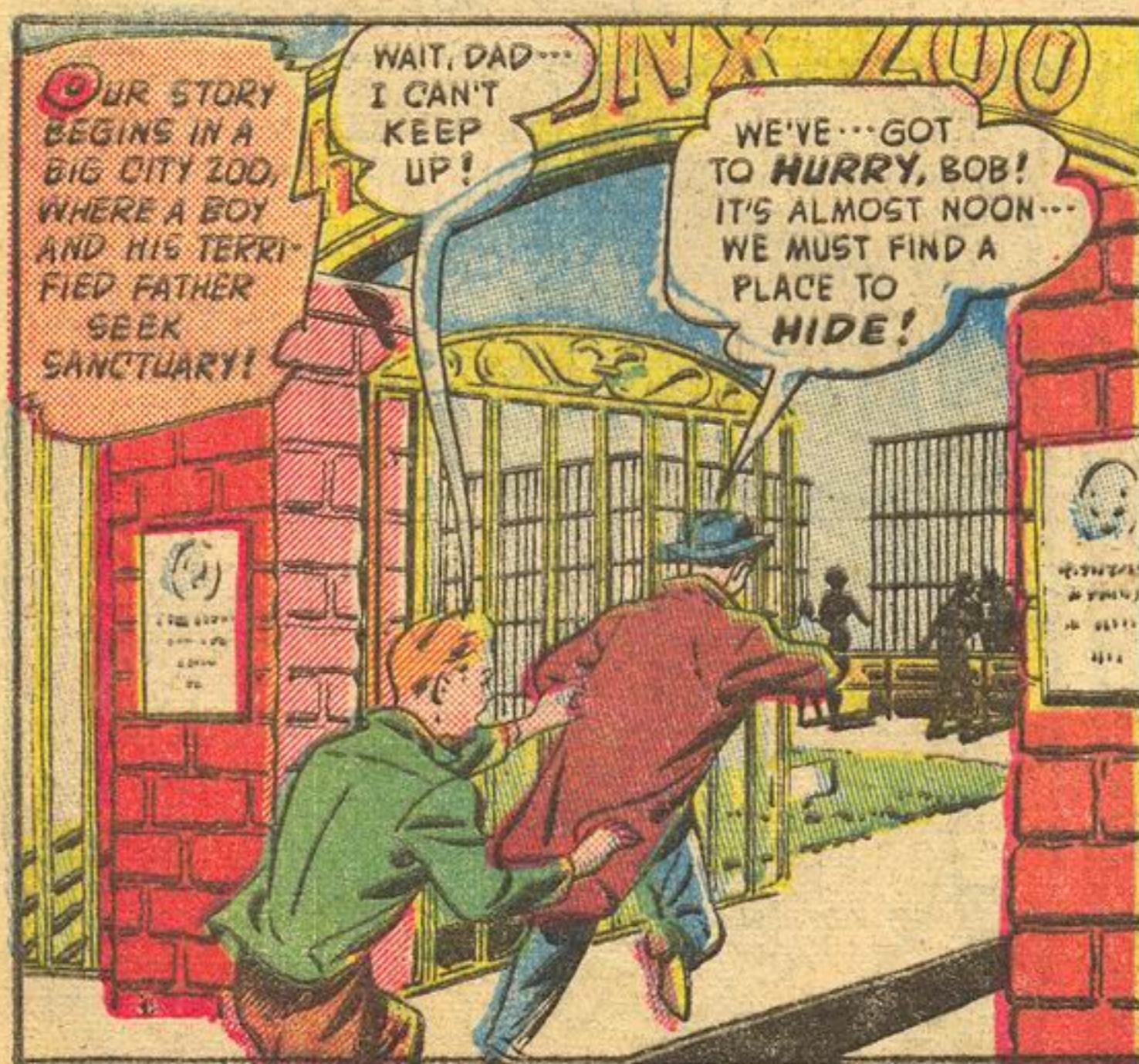


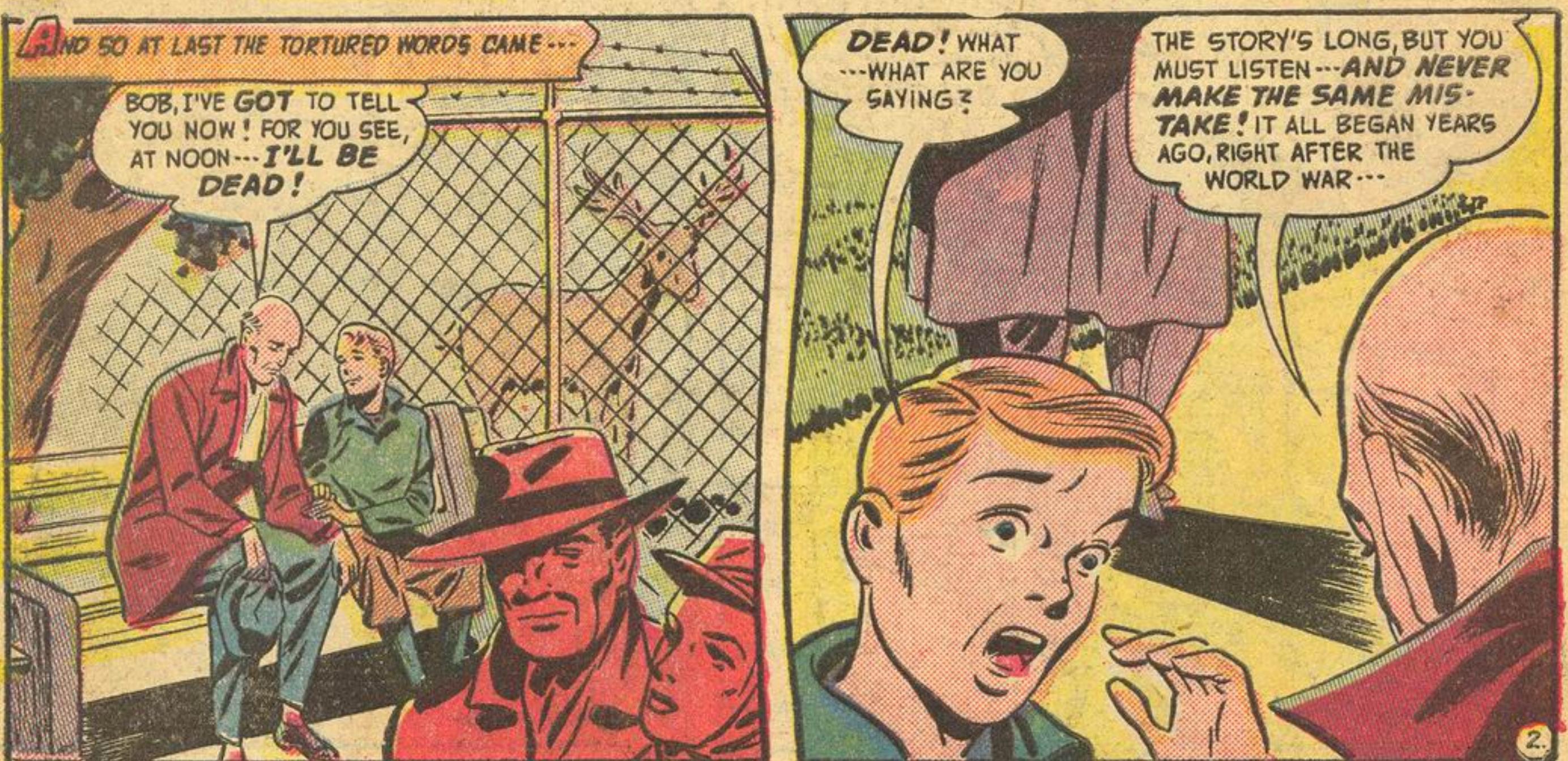
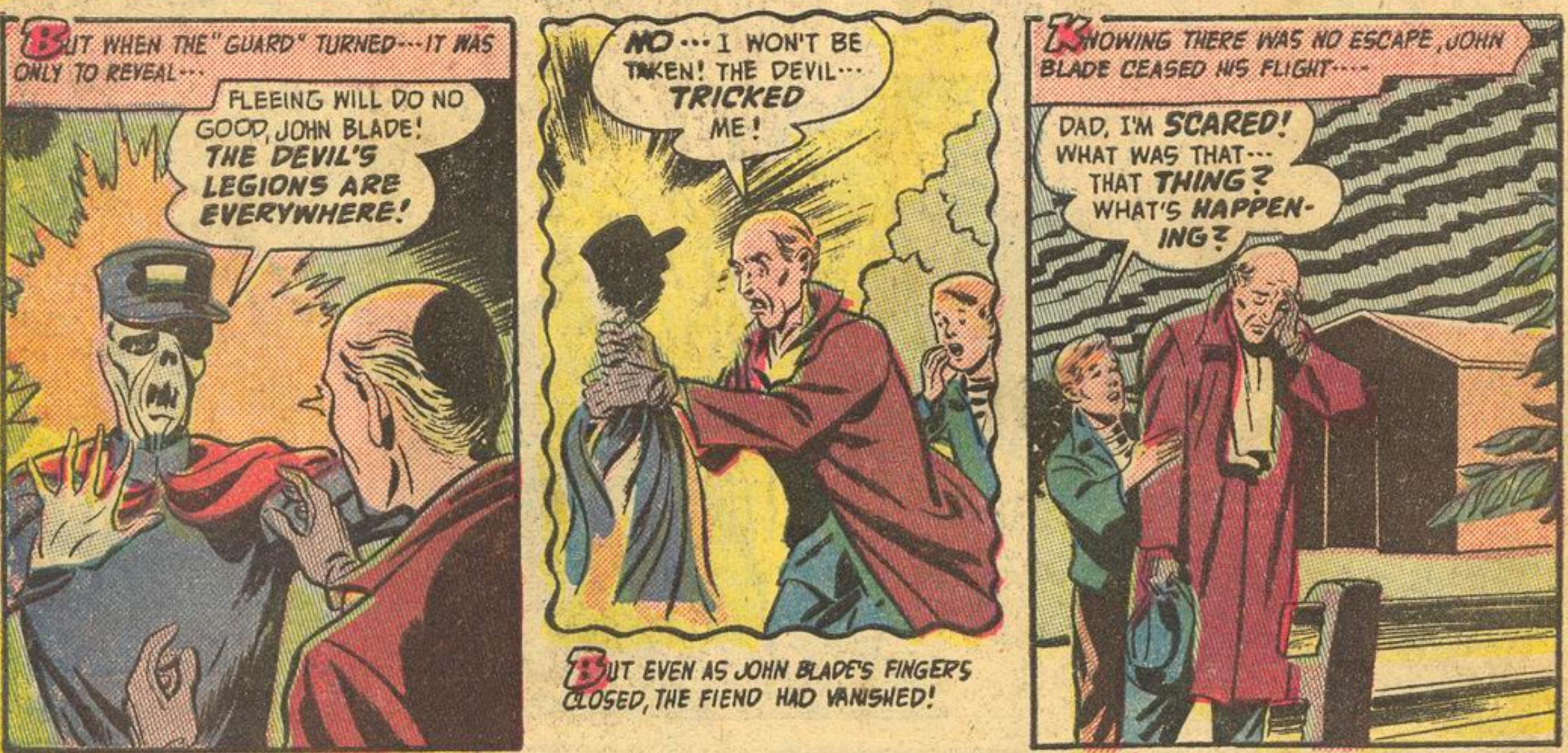
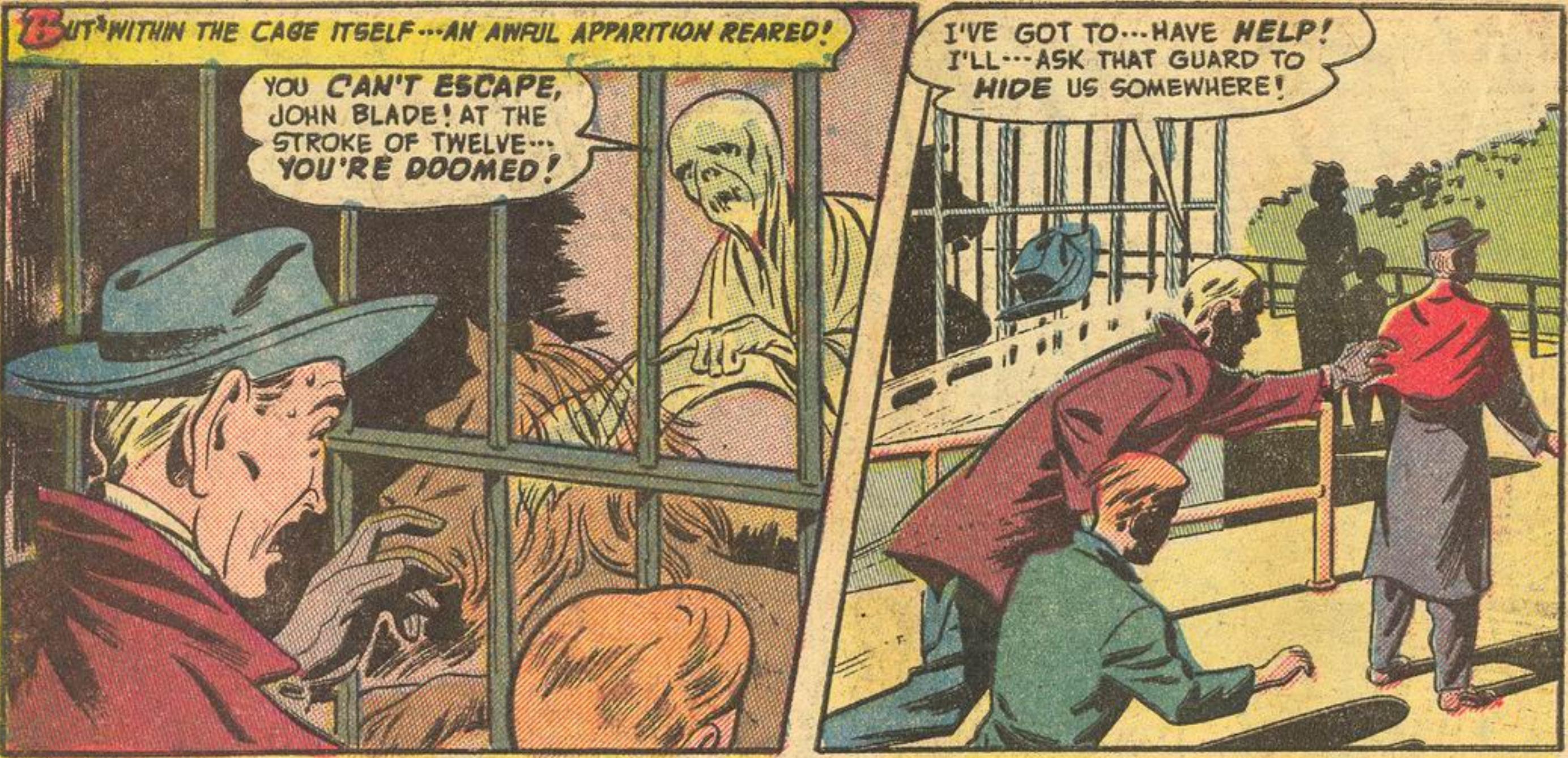


The DEVIL'S PACT



HAVE YOU EVER WISHED YOU COULD MAKE A PACT WITH SATAN? HAVE YOU WISHED FOR LOVE? MONEY? POWER? BUT---DO YOU KNOW THE COST? THEN READ THIS ASTOUNDING TALE OF A MAN WHO MADE SUCH A PACT---RISKING HIS IMMORTAL SOUL AS PAYMENT FOR THE MONSTROUS DEED!





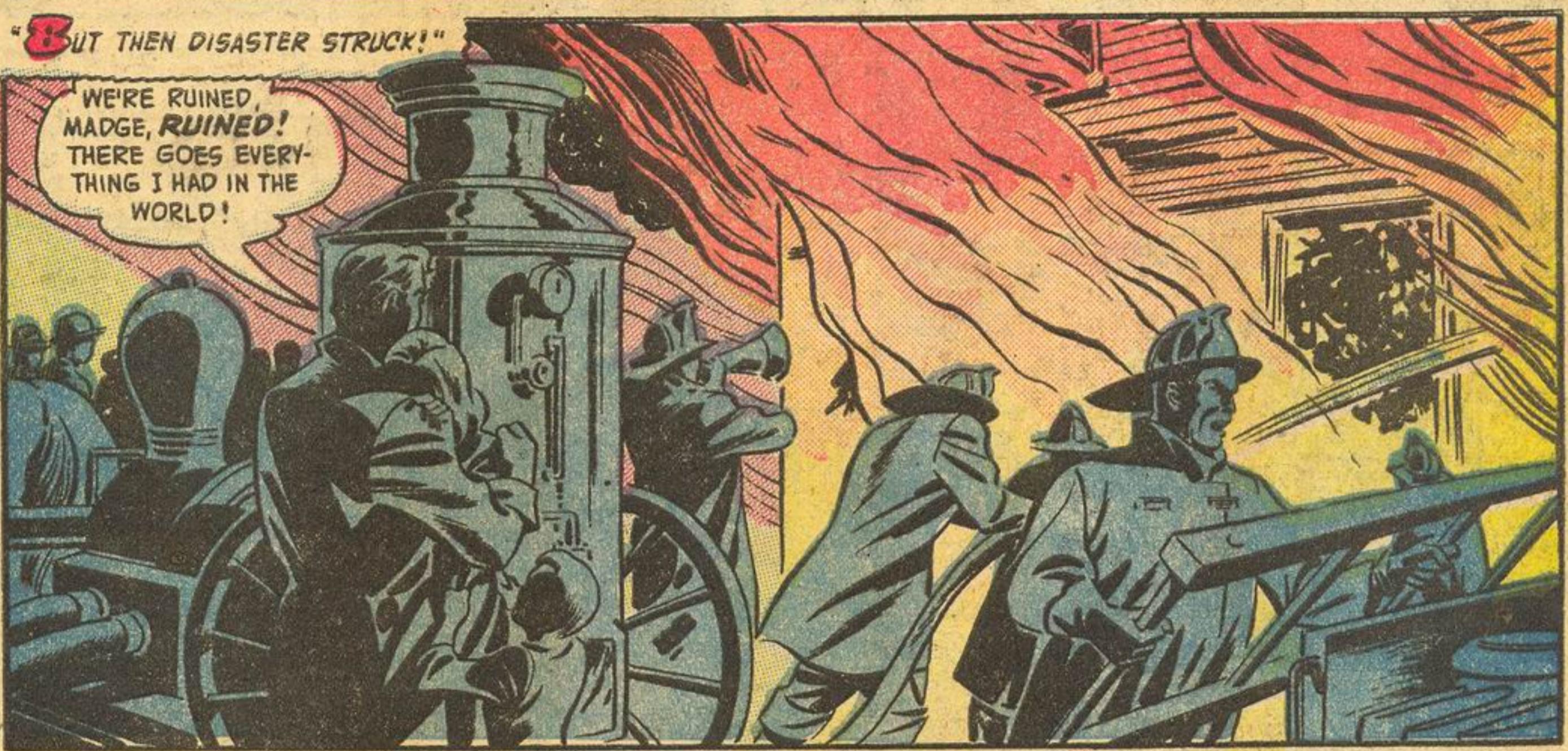
"I HAD JUST BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY, AND CAME HOME TO START LIFE ANEW..."



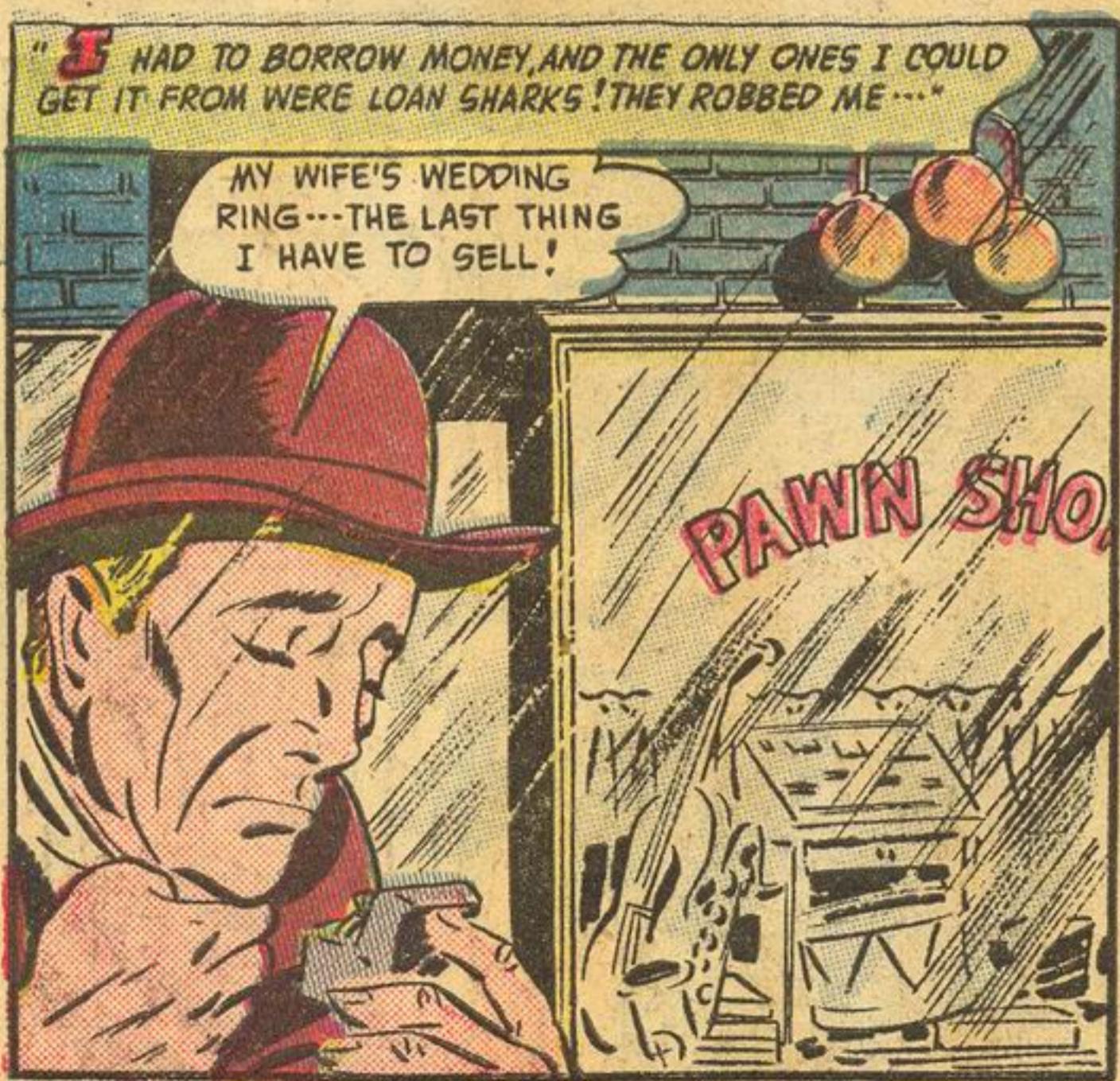
"I PUT ALL MY SAVINGS INTO THE OPENING OF A STORE..."



"BUT THEN DISASTER STRUCK!"



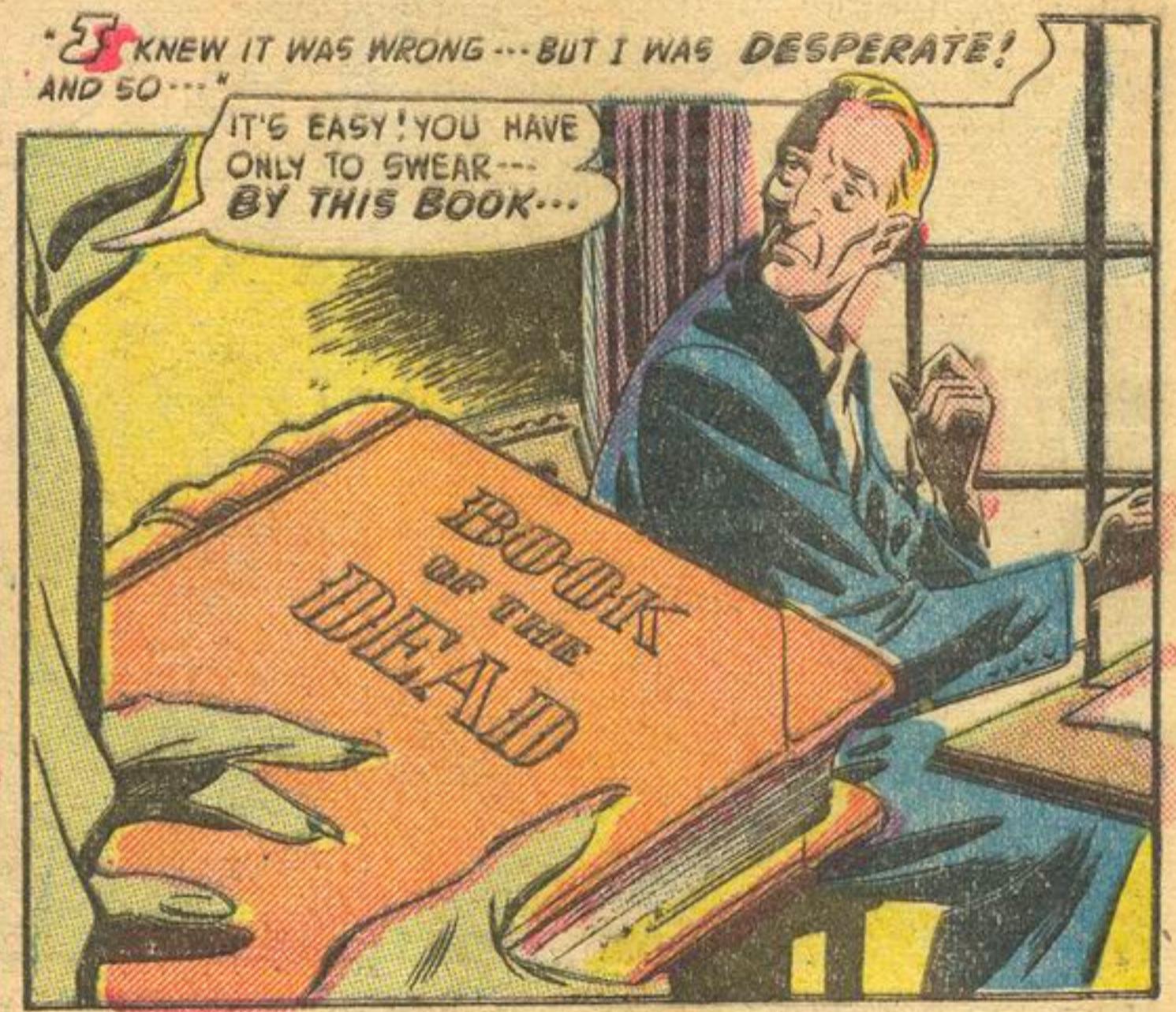
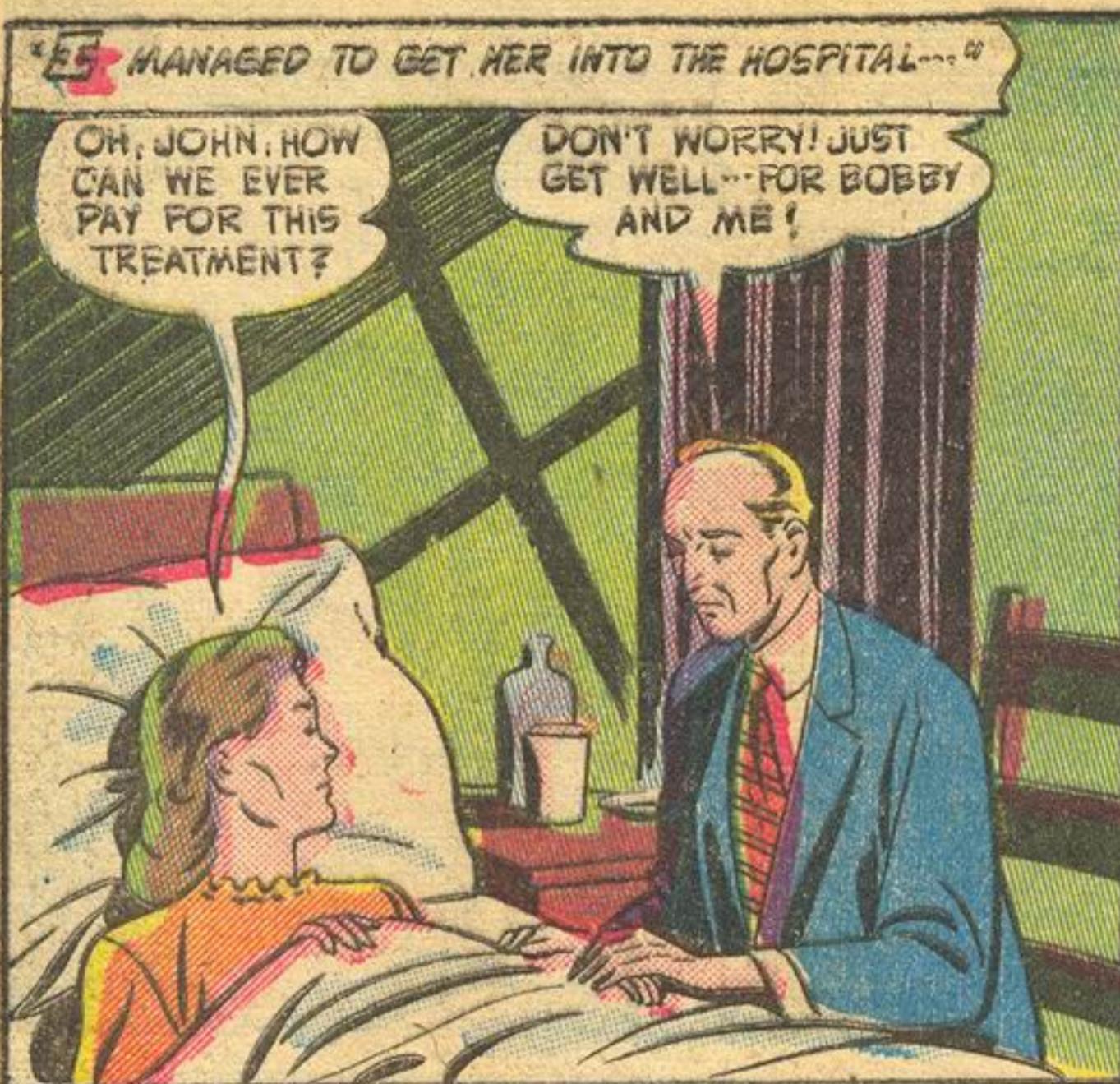
"I HAD TO BORROW MONEY, AND THE ONLY ONES I COULD GET IT FROM WERE LOAN SHARKS! THEY ROBBED ME..."

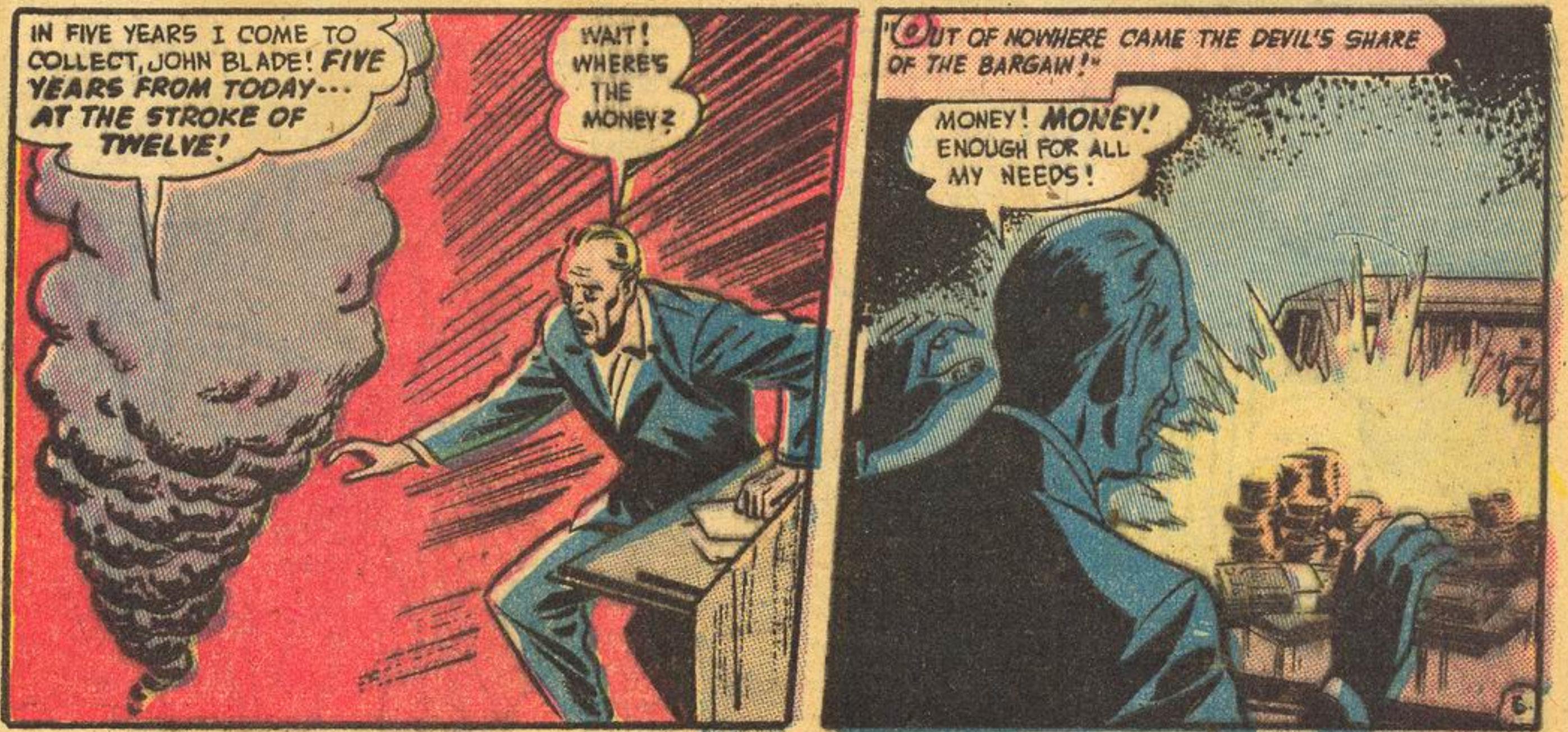
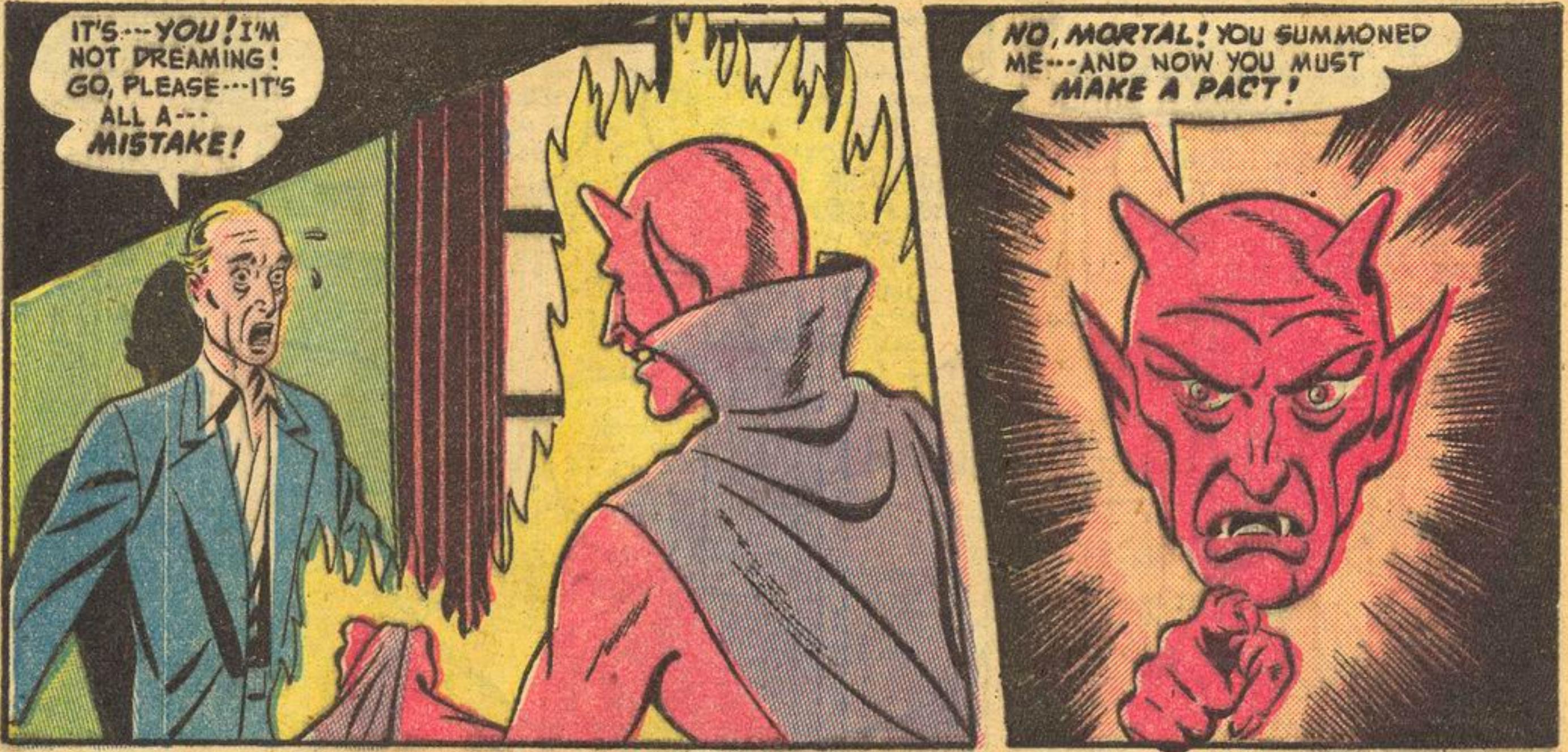


"AND THEN...SOMETHING MORE TERRIBLE HAPPENED!"

UNLESS YOUR WIFE HAS A SPECIALIST'S CARE AND IS HOSPITALIZED, SHE WILL DIE!







"**B**UT THE VERY NEXT DAY...SOMETHING HAPPENED WHICH CHANGED THINGS!"

MR. BLADE, I'M AN ATTORNEY! I'M CALLING TO INFORM YOU OF THE PASSING OF YOUR UNCLE IN EUROPE! HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE HAS BEEN LEFT TO YOU!

WHAT...IRONY! IF I'D JUST WAITED A DAY, I WOULDN'T HAVE NEEDED TO MAKE THAT PACT! I DON'T NEED THE DEVIL'S HELP NOW! IF...IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY OF SUMMONING HIM AGAIN, TELLING HIM SO!

AH, BUT I AM HERE, MORTAL! YOU CANNOT BREAK THE PACT! IN FIVE YEARS...YOUR SOUL IS MINE!

"**H**E DISAPPEARED...LEAVING ME TO FEVERISH PLANS..."

I'VE READ OF HOW OTHERS TRICKED THE DEVIL! MAYBE I CAN FIND THE WAY---IN THESE ANCIENT BOOKS...

"...BUT MY SEARCH WAS HOPELESS!"

"**A**ND SO...

I'LL NOT USE ANY OF THE DEVIL'S MONEY! MAYBE THEN THE PACT CAN BE BROKEN!

"**A**ND AS THE DAYS WENT ON..."

MR. BLADE, I'VE GOT WONDERFUL NEWS! THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS...YOUR WIFE IS GOING TO BE WELL AGAIN!

THANK HEAVEN!

"**A**S JOHN BLADE FINISHED HIS TRAGIC STORY...

...AND SO THERE IS NO ESCAPE! THIS IS THE FATAL DAY WHEN THE DEVIL MUST RECEIVE HIS DUE!...I DIE!

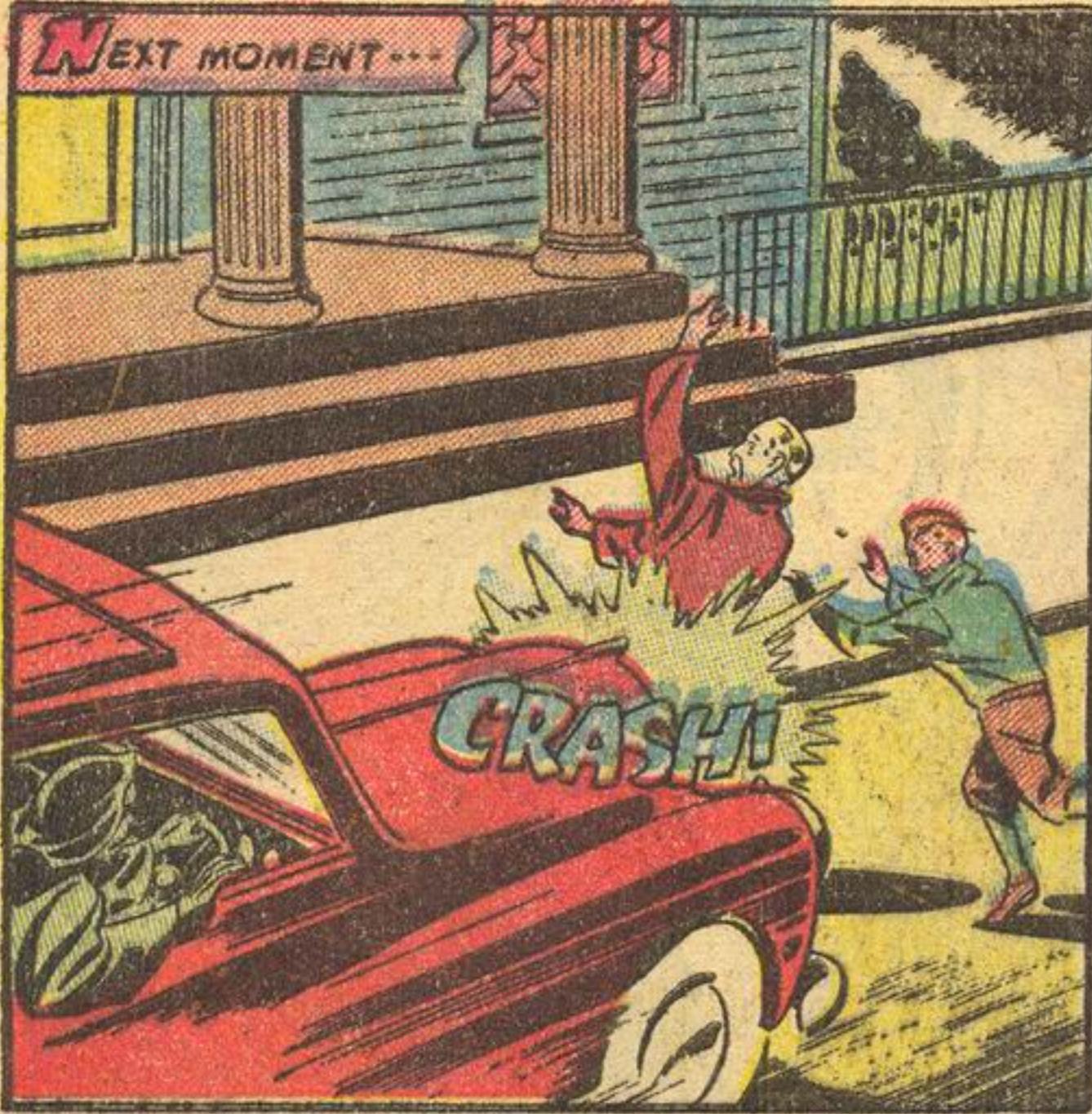
NO, DAD, NO! YOU'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE! HIDE IN THAT CHURCH! YOU ALWAYS SAID THE DEVIL COULDN'T STAND ANYTHING HOLY!

"**B**UT SATAN HAD HEARD---AND ISSUED AN EVIL COMMAND!

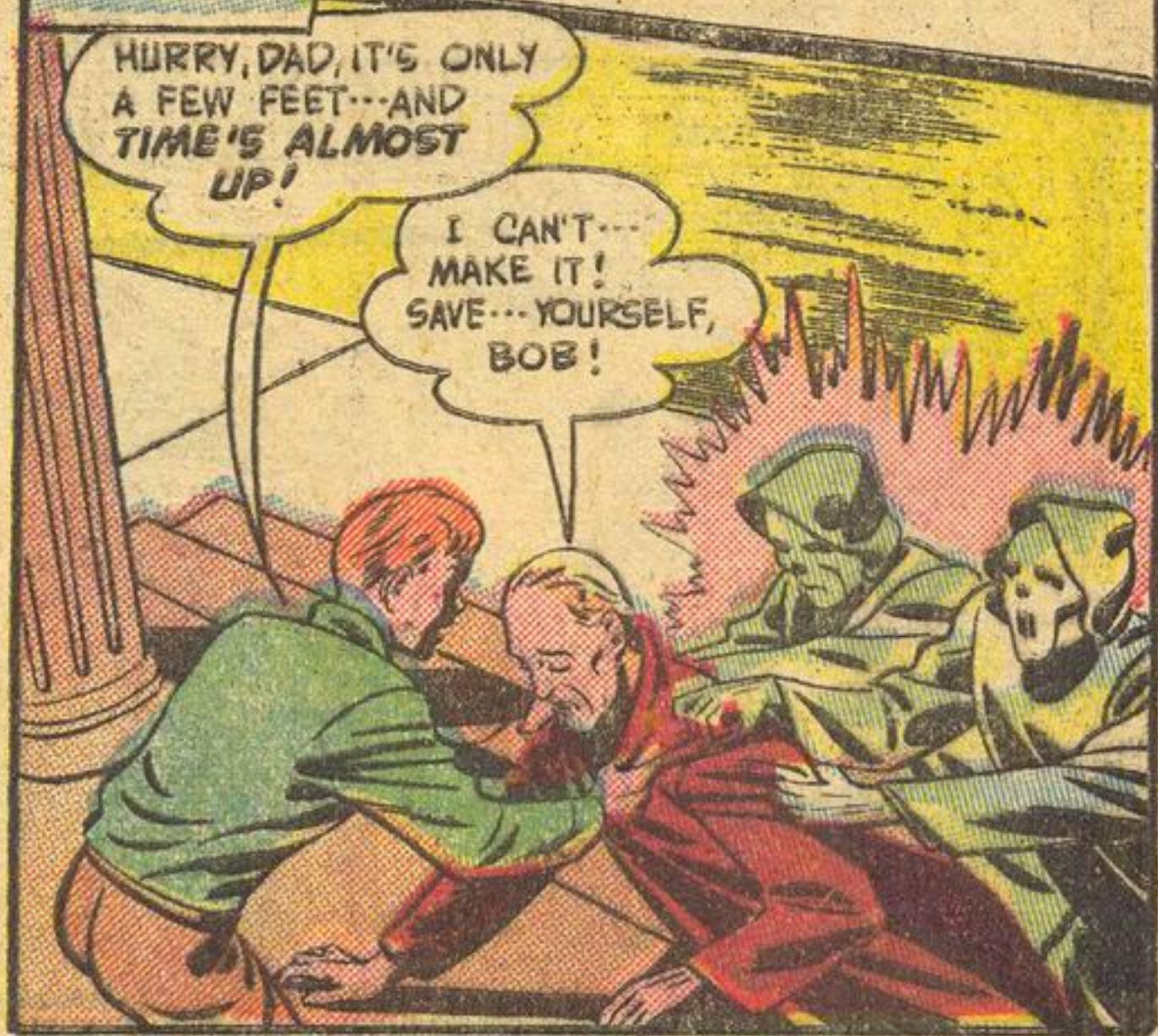
THE CURSED MORTAL MAY ESCAPE ME YET! KILL HIM NOW, OH FIENDS!



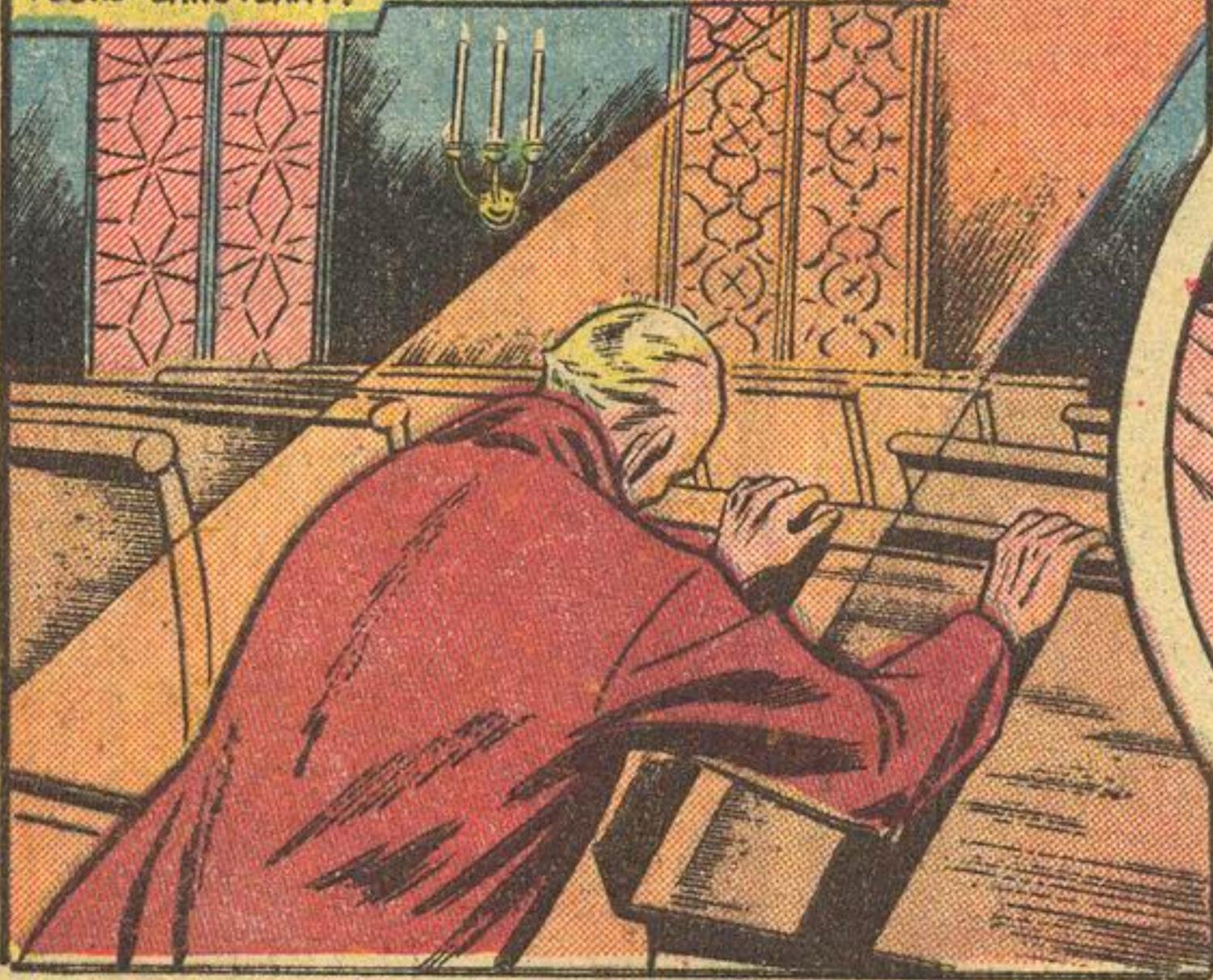
NEXT MOMENT...



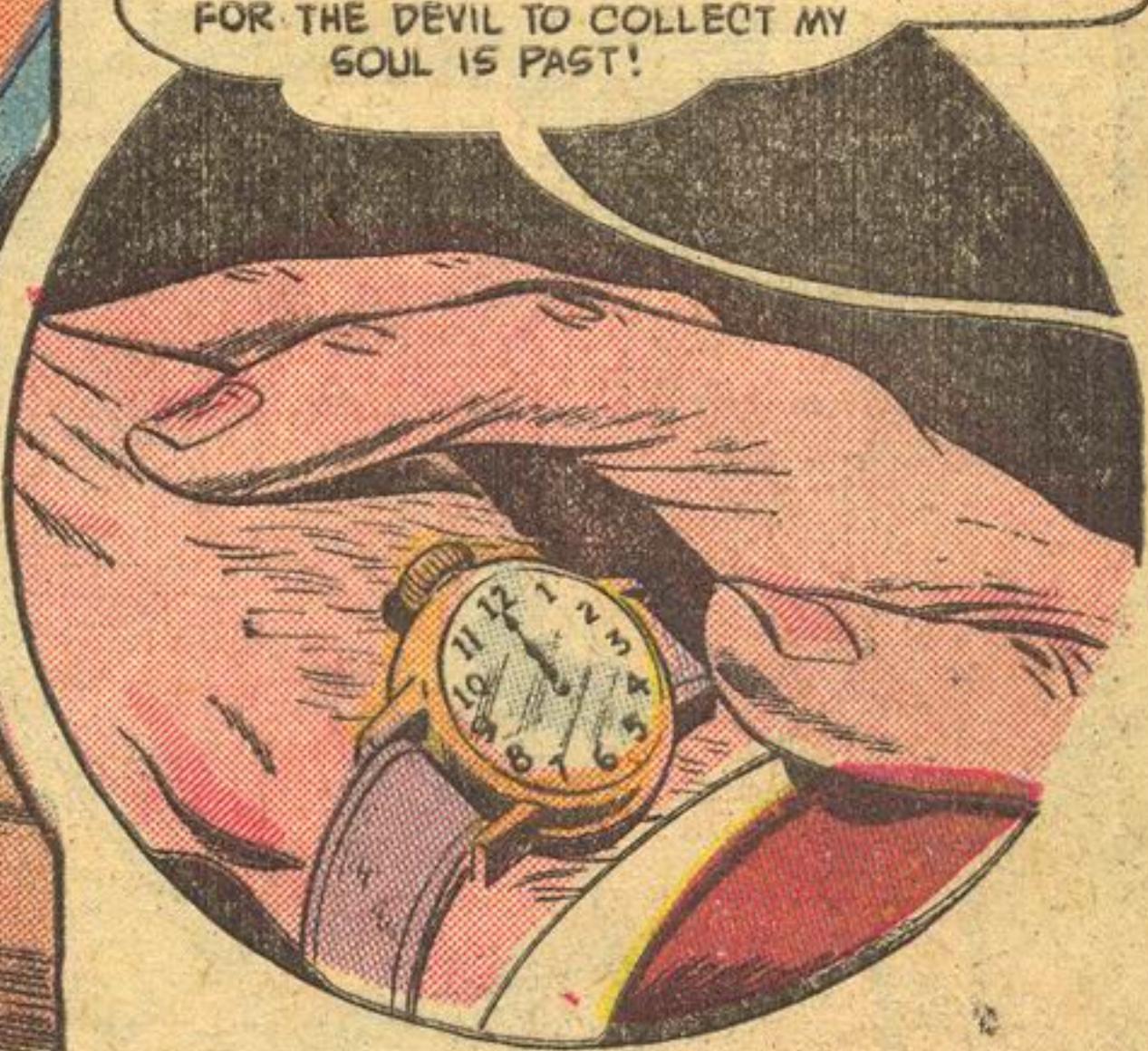
JOHN BLADE MADE A DESPERATE EFFORT TO ESCAPE HIS DOOM...



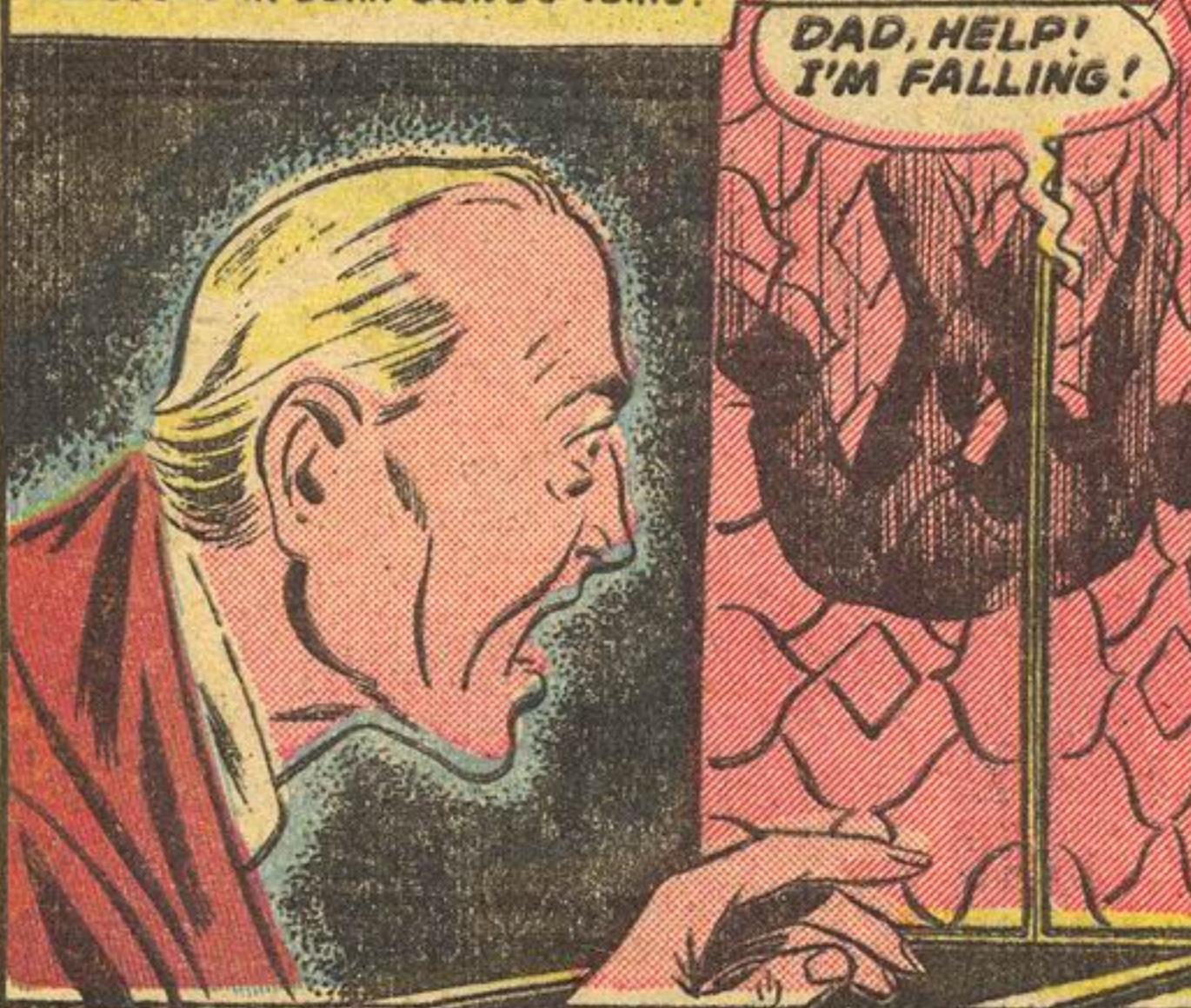
ONE LAST WRENCHING BATTLE, AND JOHN BLADE FOUND SANCTUARY!



SAFE! SAFE FOREVER! THE PACT IS BROKEN NOW! IT'S TWELVE--AND THE TIME FOR THE DEVIL TO COLLECT MY SOUL IS PAST!



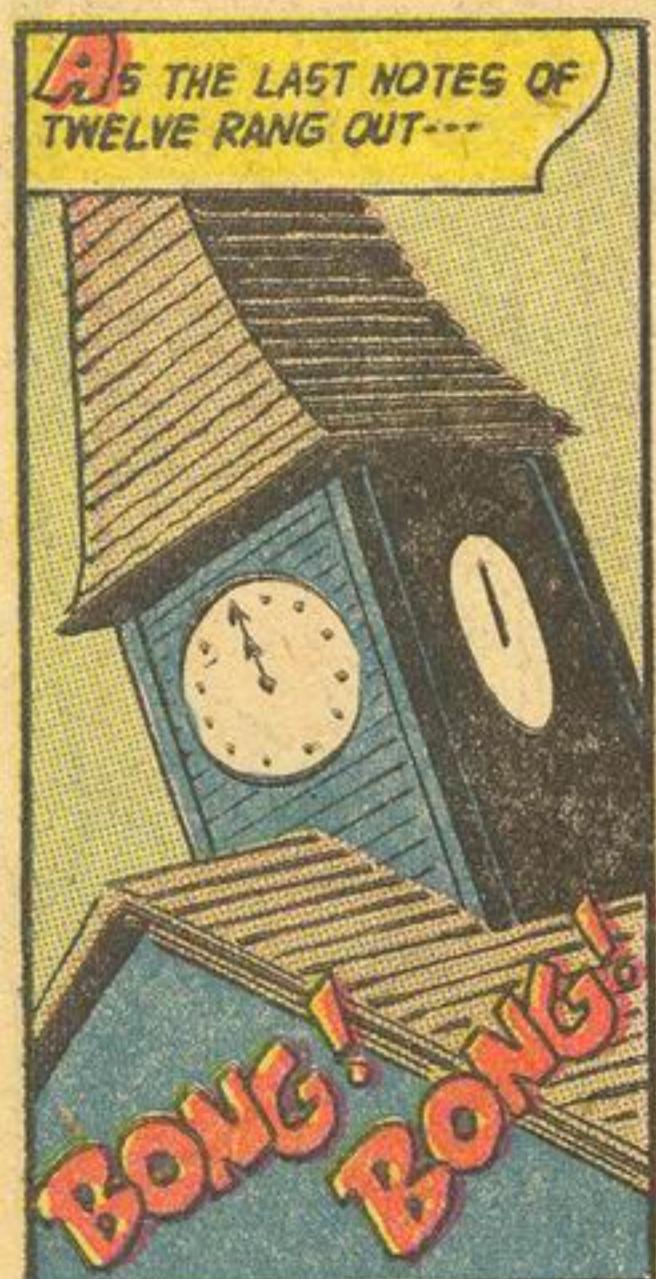
BUT A MOMENT LATER, BOB'S FEAR-FILLED SCREAMS FROZE THE BLOOD IN JOHN BLADE'S VEINS!

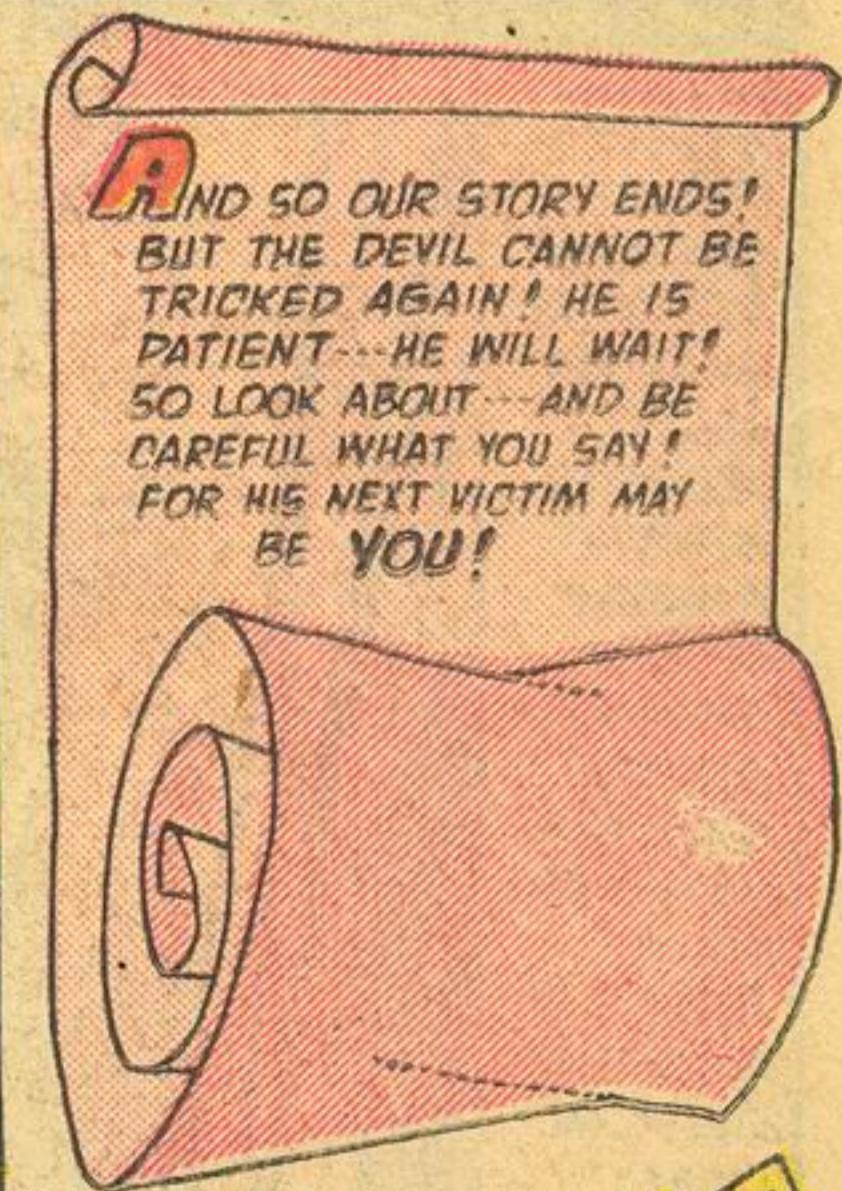
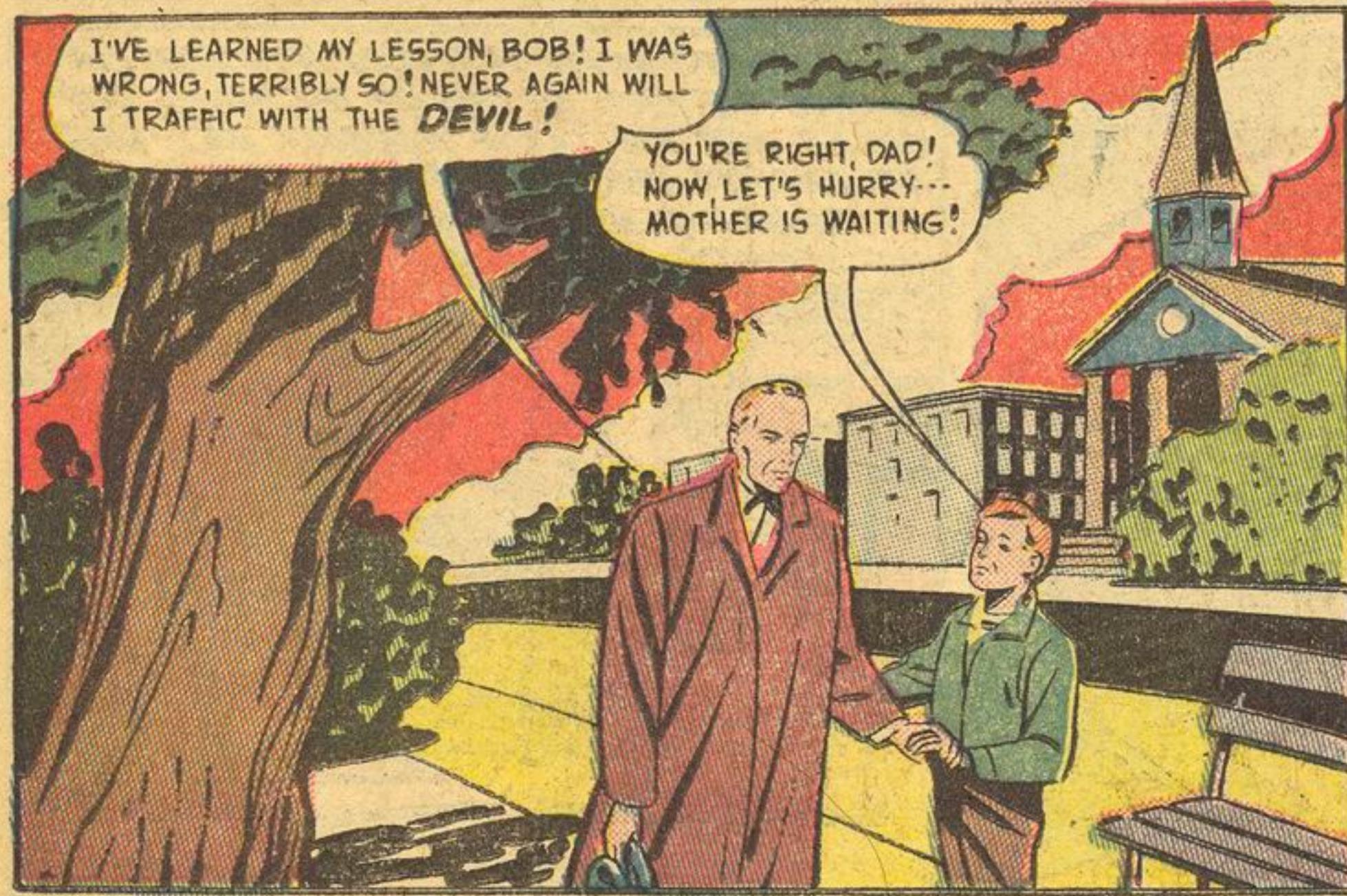
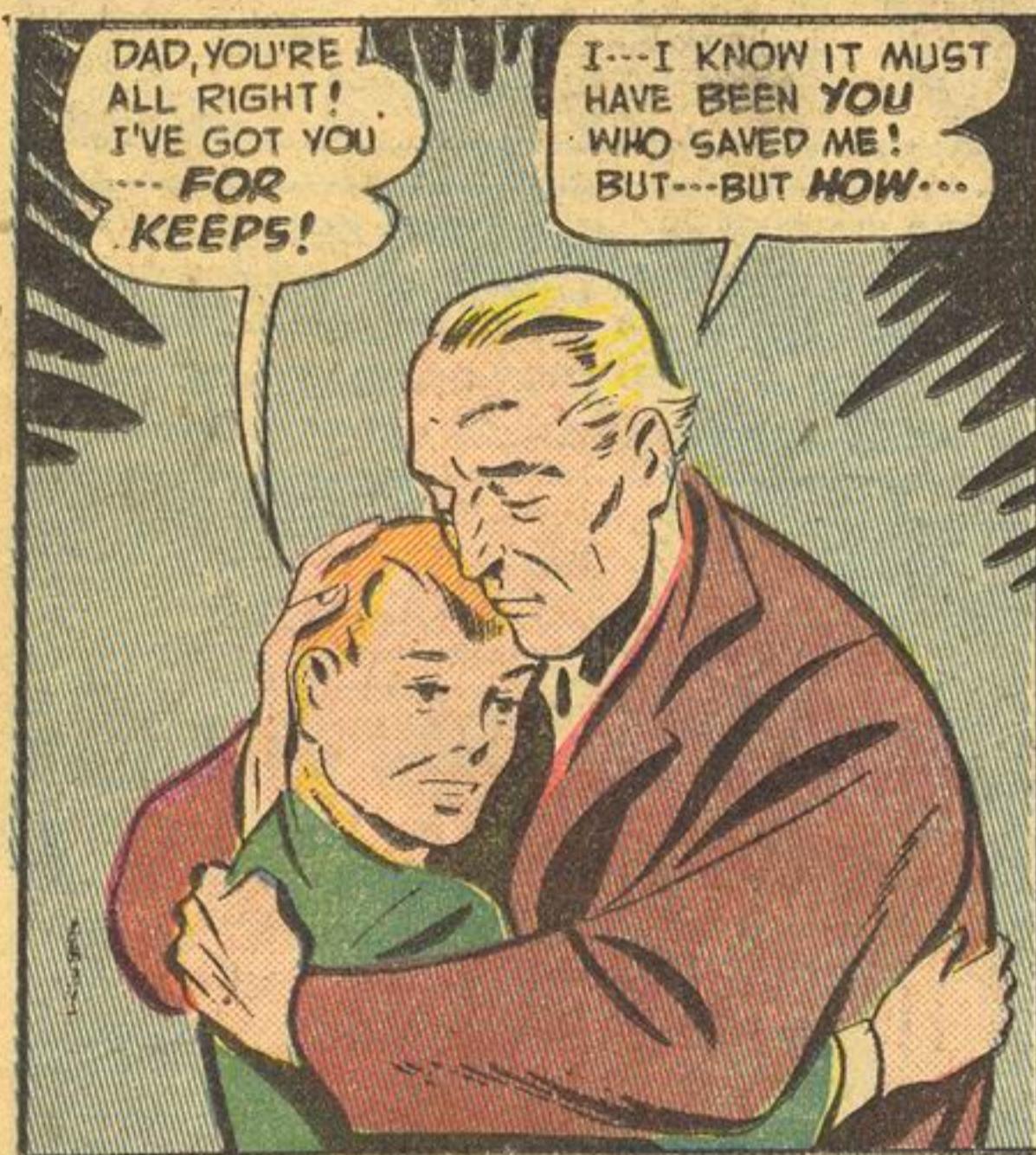
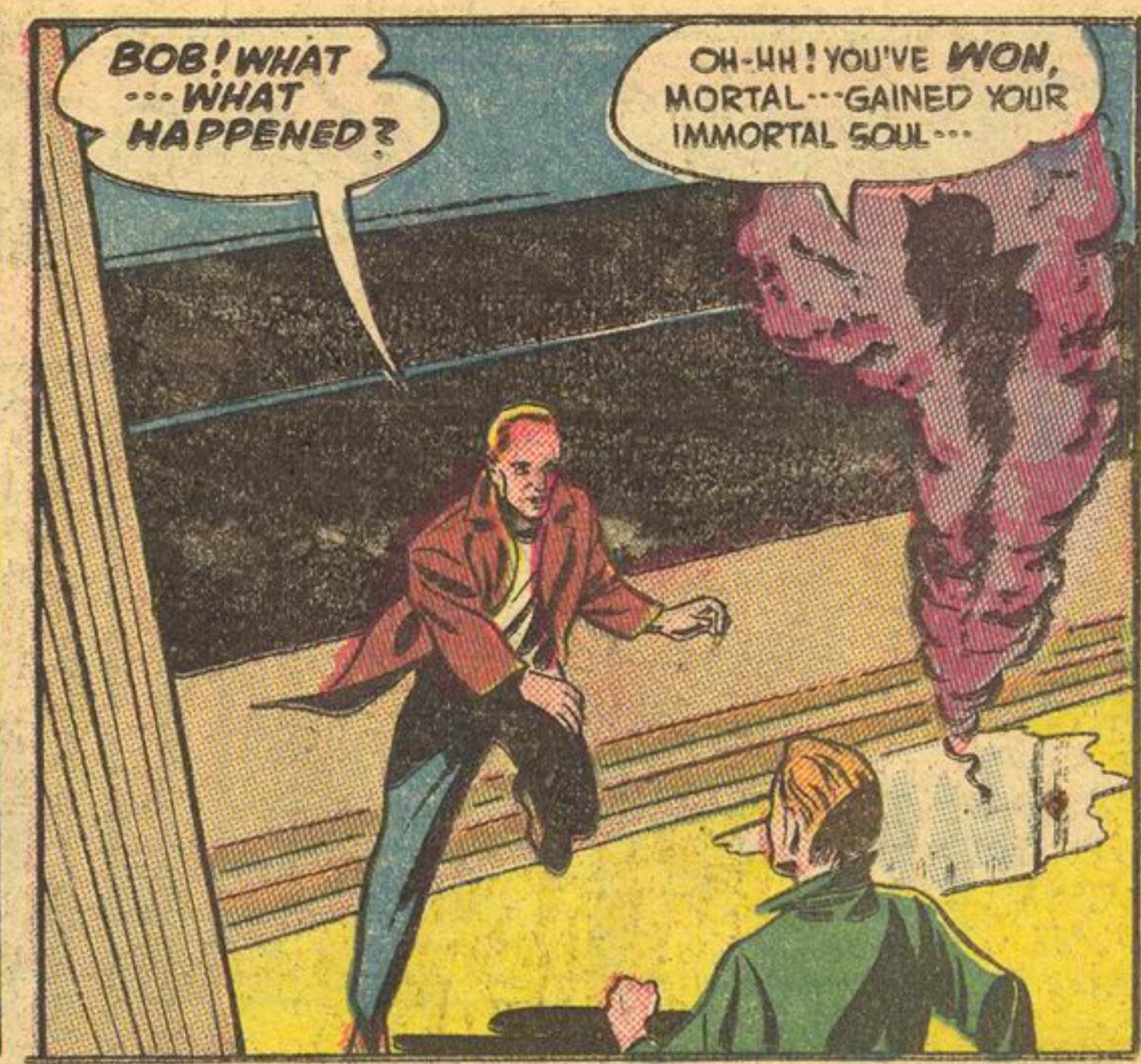
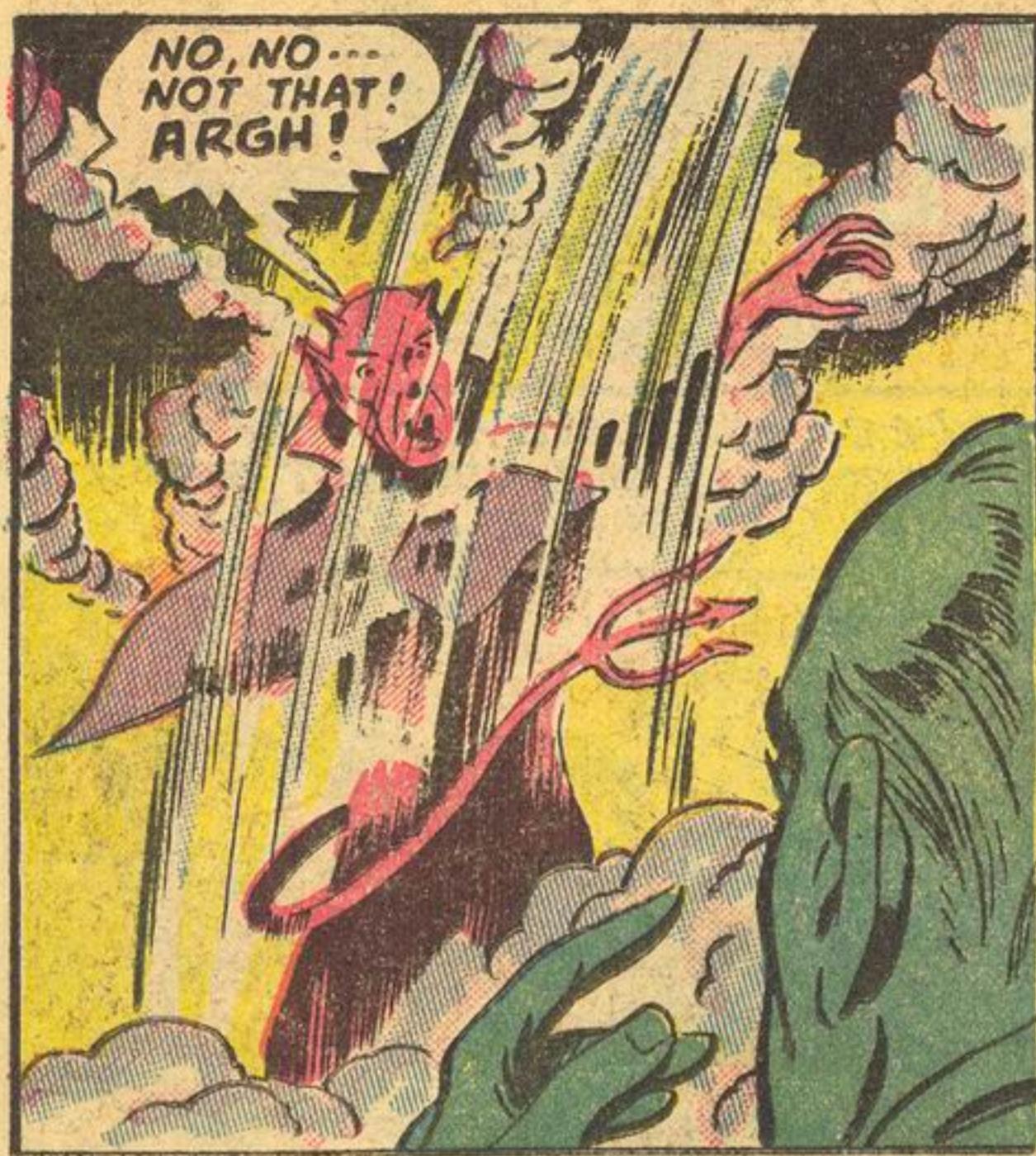


IT... IT'S NOT BOB... JUST A DUMMY! BUT WHAT...

IT WAS A TRICK, MORTAL--TO DRAW YOU FROM YOUR HIDING PLACE WITHIN THE CHURCH! YOU SEE, YOUR WATCH IS WRONG! IT LACKS THREE MINUTES UNTIL TWELVE!



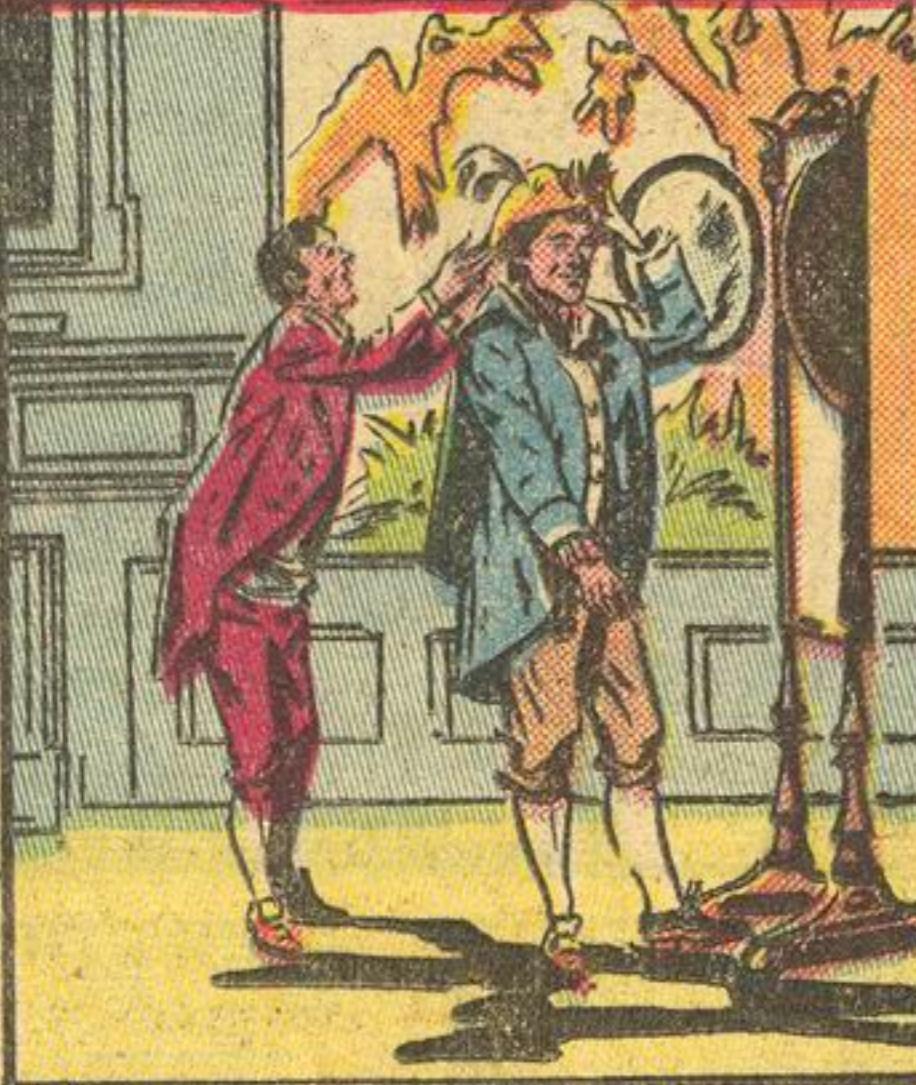




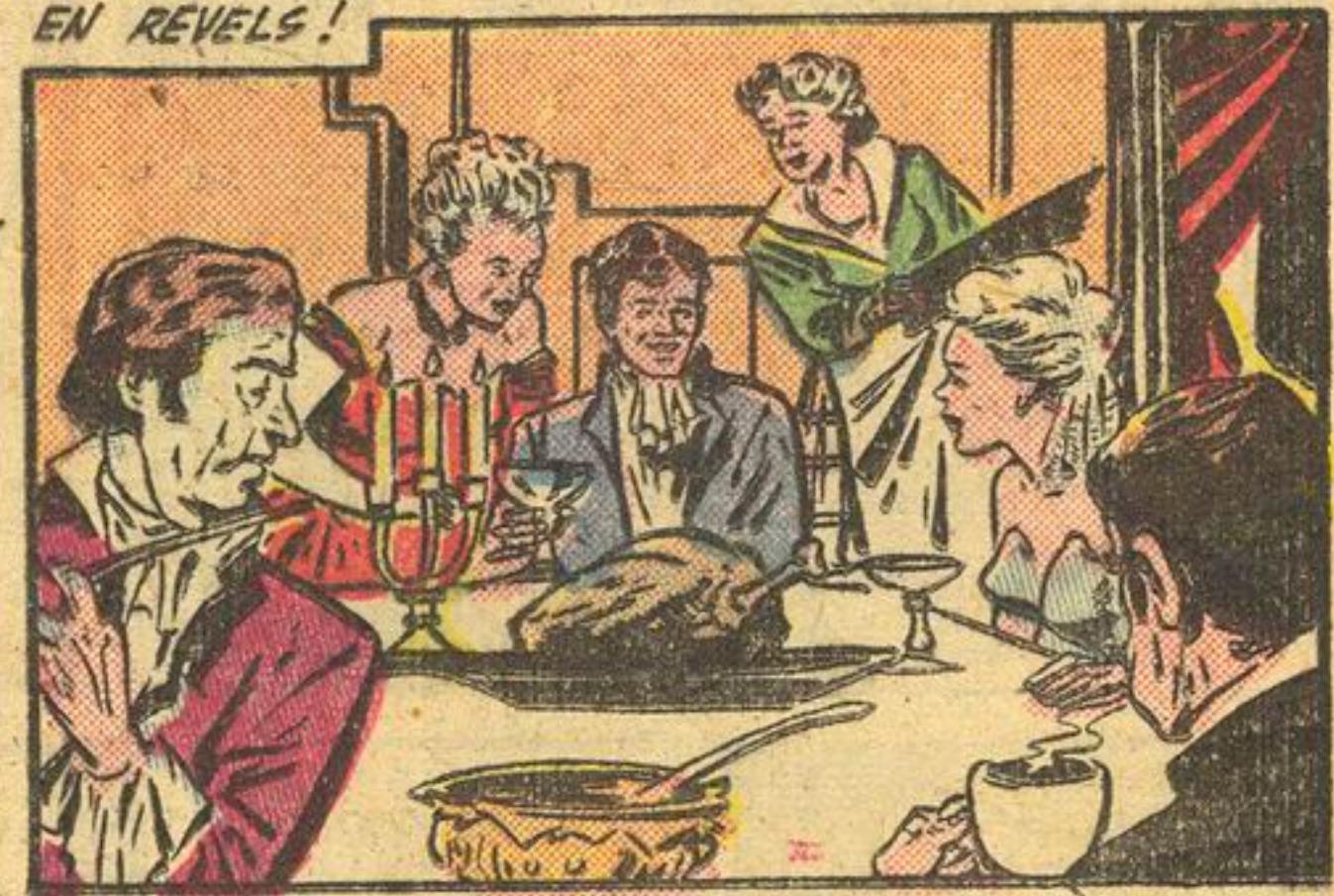
The END!

The Ghost of Ashdowne House

BY FAR THE VAINEST DANDY IN ALL ENGLAND IN 1665 WAS LORD JEFFREY CRAVEN, WHO DRESSED TO THE TEETH IN ALL THE LACES AND PLUMED ADORNMENTS OF THE PERIOD!



CRAVEN BUILT AN ENORMOUS HOUSE NEAR COXWELL IN BERKSHIRE---AND THERE THE DANDY ENTERTAINED HUNDREDS OF GUESTS AT HUGE BANQUETS AND DRUNKEN Revels!



BUT IN FOUR SHORT YEARS, LORD CRAVEN'S EXTRAVAGANT WAY OF LIFE DISSIPATED HIS FORTUNE AND LEFT HIM PENNILESS!

HA, HA--THERE GOES THE RAGGED DANDY OF ASHDOWNE HOUSE!



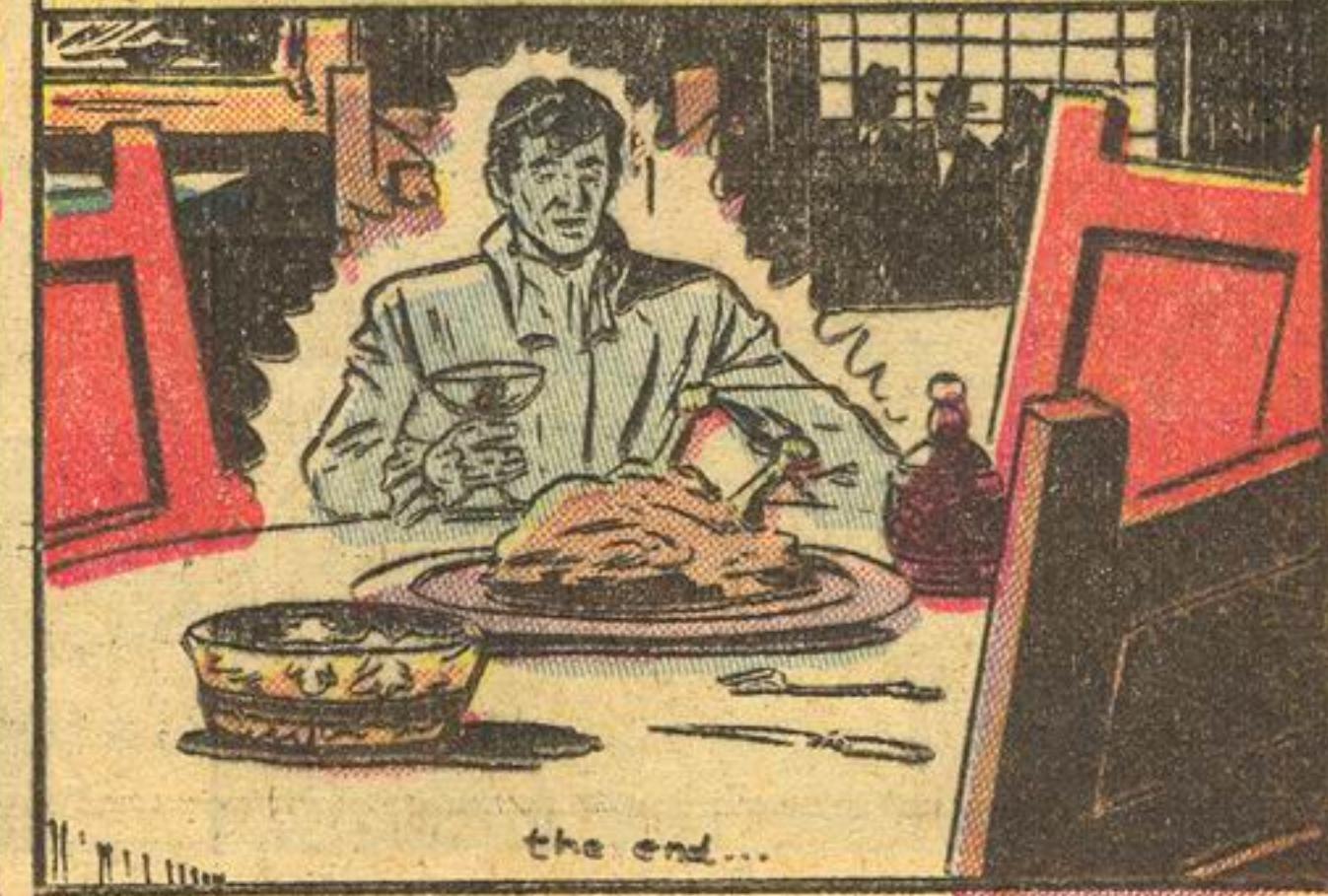
LORD CRAVEN DIED ON APRIL 27th, 1669! BUT APPARENTLY HIS SPIRIT LOVED HIS DANDIFIED WAY OF LIFE TOO MUCH TO GIVE IT UP---FOR HIS GHOST CAN STILL BE SEEN ON DARK NIGHTS, WALKING THE ROAD NEAR ASHDOWNE HOUSE, AS IF LOOKING FOR COMPANY!



MANY PEOPLE HAVE SEEN THE RAGGED DANDY'S GHOST STANDING AT THE WINDOW OF HIS HAUNTED HOUSE, RAISING HIS GLASS IN A TOAST TO SOMEONE ONLY HE CAN SEE!



A FEW OF THE BOLDER WATCHERS HAVE EVEN CLIMBED ONTO THE ROOF OF ONE OF THE WINGS AND GAZED INTO THE LARGE BANQUET HALL--WHERE THE GHOSTLY RAGGED DANDY WAS SEEN SITTING AT THE HEAD OF HIS REVELERS' TABLE, LAUGHING AND DRINKING WITH HIS INVISIBLE GUESTS!



the end...

Journey INTO TIME

CLANE STEPPED BACK in triumph and looked exultantly at the time-machine he had just finished. Of course, it was untested as yet, but he was certain it would work. All he would have to do would be to connect the machine to his portable atomic power generator and wait the necessary two hours for the power to build up to the correct intensity. Then he'd press the switch that would complete the temporal-magnetic circuit---and *zoom!*---he and the machine would be instantly transported to the past or the future, depending on what time period he'd set the dials for.

And by merely reversing the process, he'd get back to his own time, which was the year 2258 A. D.

Eager to test out his new invention, Clane hooked up the generator and sat down to wait for two hours. But he was too impatient and excited to sit idly. He'd have to do something to keep his mind occupied while he waited. And he knew just the thing to keep him absorbed for hours on end---his files of ancient, tattered "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" magazines!

Only last week, in one of the suburbs of N'york known as Phil'delphy, he'd had the amazing good luck to find an antique shop that had a file of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*", complete from the first issue in 1948 through the year 2007. Clane had heard glowing tales about that marvelous magazine of the macabre, but he had never previously seen an issue---for the few remaining copies in existence were carefully guarded collector's items.

Once every few years, an odd copy or two would be unearthed from someone's attic---and it would bring a fabulous price on the black market. But as far as he knew, the only complete file of the magazines

was to be found in the Library of Congress in Wash'ton, D. C., where only professors of Occultology were allowed to handle and read those priceless relics of a by-gone age.

But there, in that obscure little antique shop, he'd found *another complete file*. The dealer had cautiously unlocked his huge safe and shown Clane the entire lot, whispering confidentially, "I can let you have it for a song---an expensive song, true, but it'll be worth it. You see, I picked up this lot from the widow of a wealthy old fantasy fan who'd inherited the file of magazines. The widow hated her late husband's hobby of collecting fantasy magazines---so she actually *paid* me to take them out of her house. That's why I can let you have the whole file comparatively cheaply."

One glance at a few of the stories in the magazines had convinced him that they were literally priceless masterpieces. Buying them on the spot, Clane had ordered an armored truck to cart the huge file of magazines to his laboratory.

There, weary with the incessant toil on his time-machine and in need of relaxation, he had begun to read the early issues. Soon he forgot all his problems as he thrilled to the series of stories on "*The Living Ghost*", shivered at "*The Spirit of Frankenstein*" tales, was entranced by such epics as "*The Evil Ones*", "*Vampire's Castle*" and "*The Haunted Morgue*".

By the time he'd gotten through with the 1950 issues, Clane was so stimulated and refreshed that he'd returned to his work on the time-machine with redoubled vigor---and the "*Adventure into the Future*" story gave him the key to the solution of a tricky circuit problem that had stumped him for the past three years!

Now, with all his work completed, Clane sat happily reading the 1951 issues as he waited for the power to build up in his time-machine. Each issue of the magazine seemed to get better and better, for there were eerie tales of zombies, witches, werewolves, demons---a veritable galaxy of ghosts and ghouls.

And the text stories---the ones unaccompanied by illustrations---were also hair-raising yarns of horror and fantasy. Ah, here was one that had an intriguing title---"Journey Into Time"---

Clane's eyes suddenly widened in amazed disbelief as he read the opening lines of the story. Slowly, as though hypnotized, he repeated the lines aloud: "*Clane stepped back in triumph and looked exultantly at the time-machine he had just finished. Of course, it was untested as yet, but...*"

When he got to the part that read, "*Clane's eyes suddenly widened in amazed disbelief as he read the opening lines of the story,*" he flung the magazine away from him in a frenzy of fear. There was no doubt about it---the story was about him! Someone living in the year 1952 had known enough about the Clane of 2258 to write a perfectly factual story about him, correct in every detail.

That meant only one thing, he knew in a sudden fit of anguish. It could only mean that someone in the 20th Century had invented a time-machine, and had secretly come to the year 2258 to gather material for "*Adventures Into The Unknown*"! And that meant that Clane was not the first man to invent a time-machine.

It was then that he knew he would have to use his time-machine to go back to the year 1952 and find the man who had writ-

ten about him, find out about that other time-machine. Impulsively, Clane stepped to his machine and set the dials for 1952. Then, without thinking, he pressed the switch that closed the temporal-magnetic circuit.

Instantly, he felt himself being hurled with great force to the ground---and the tides of black unconsciousness swirled over him---

When he revived, hours later, Clane dazedly found himself in an unfamiliar field on the outskirts of a strangely ancient-looking city. Picking himself up, he saw the wreckage of his time-machine about him. With a start, he realized that he must have crash-landed in the year 1952, since he hadn't waited the full two hours that would have enabled him to make a smooth, safe landing. Now he was marooned in 1952, because he could not possibly hope to get the advanced technical equipment of the 23rd Century---equipment that was essential to rebuild the time-machine and allow him to return to his own age.

Then, in a blinding flash of understanding, Clane suddenly knew who was the author of that story, "*Journey Into Time*". He, himself, had written it!

A moment later, he was striding confidently towards the strange city, confident that he had a great career ahead of him as a writer of stories about the future---stories that no one else would know were true! And the first story he'd write would be one for "*Adventures Into The Unknown*"---a story that would begin like this: "*Clane stepped back in triumph and looked exultantly at the time-machine he had just finished...*"

The CURSE of UKPONG



THE GLOOM OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE HID MORE THAN THE GLOWING EYES AND SHADY FORMS OF HUNGRY BEASTS! THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE... SOMETHING FAR MORE MENACING! THOSE WHO KNEW FEARED IT... AND WHEN THE WHITE MAN BRAZENLY BROKE THE SACRED JUNGLE LAW HIS PAYMENT WAS...

The CURSE of UKPONG!



ONE BLAZING AFTERNOON, IN THE WEST AFRICAN JUNGLE...

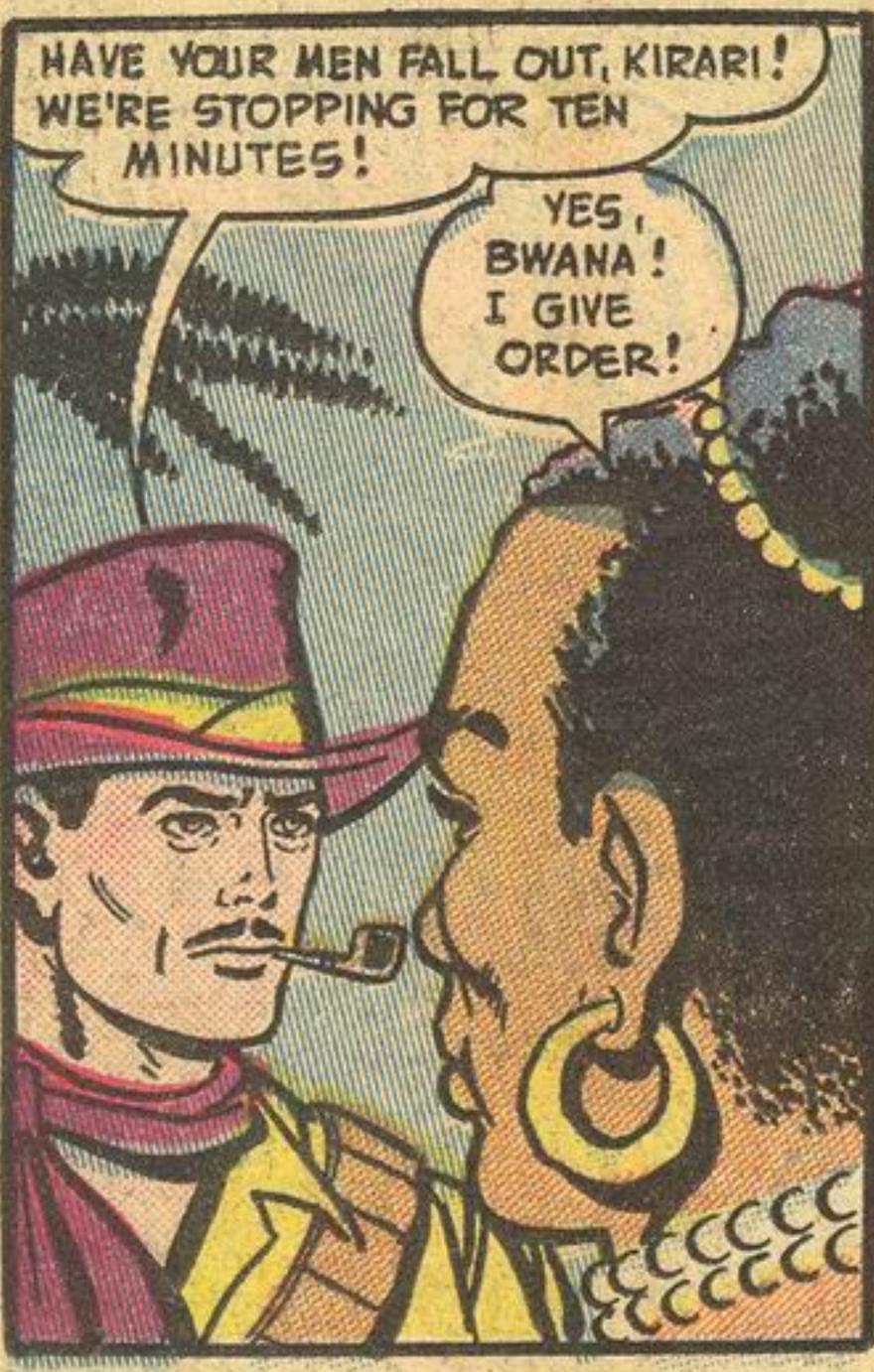
LOOK HERE, FERRIS -- THIS HEAT'S KILLING ME! SUPPOSE WE LET UP FOR AWHILE!

WE CAN'T TAKE THE TIME NOW! WE'D BETTER PUSH ON FOR THE NEXT WATERHOLE!

LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT FROM THE START! I'M PAYING FOR THIS SAFARI, AS WELL AS YOUR SERVICES! IF I SAY WE TAKE A BREAK... THEN THAT'S WHAT WE DO!

ALL RIGHT, MR. CRAVEN, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'D BETTER GET STRAIGHT, TOO! I'LL TOLERATE YOUR INTERFERENCE UP TO A POINT, BUT IF YOU EXPECT TO BE CODDLED, WE CAN CALL IT QUIT NOW!





THAT NIGHT, ALONE BY THEIR FIRE, AS THE AIR BRISTLES WITH A THOUSAND JUNGLE NOISES...

I SHOULD HAVE WALKED OFF WHEN THE NATIVES DID! IF I THOUGHT YOU'D STAND HALF A CHANCE OUT HERE ALONE, I'D DO JUST THAT!

BUT YOU **WON'T**, FERRIS! I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU PROFESSIONAL GUIDES... YOUR CODE OF HONOR IS THAT YOU STICK BY YOUR CLIENT! YOU **WON'T GO!**

YOU'RE PRETTY SURE OF THINGS, CRAVEN-- BUT ONE WORD OF ADVICE! THESE NATIVES HAVE **WAYS OF STRIKING BACK!** CALL IT WITCHCRAFT, VOODOO, WHATEVER YOU LIKE--- **BUT IT CAN WORK!**

RUBBISH! I'M GOING TO SLEEP LIKE A BABY TONIGHT, AND TOMORROW I'LL BAY MY FIRST LION! GOOD NIGHT, FERRIS!

LATER... AS BOTH MEN SLEEP... A STRANGE MIST SWIRLS BEFORE CRAVEN'S TENT...

AND AWAKENED BY THE KNOWLEDGE OF SOME DREAD PRESENCE...

THERE'S... **SOMETHING IN HERE!** THAT MIST... IT'S BEGINNING TO TAKE ON SHAPE!

UKPONG!
UKPONG!

HE'S COME
BACK!
FERRIS...
HELP...
HELP!

WHAT HAPPENED,
MAN? SPEAK
UP!

IT WAS SOME KIND OF VISION!
I---I THOUGHT I SAW THAT
NATIVE'S **GHOST!** IT WAS A
DREAM, OF COURSE---

THAT WASN'T A DREAM, CRAVEN! THAT'S **YORUBA MAGIC!** THIS MIGHT SOUND FANTASTIC, BUT YOU'RE IN **GRAVE DANGER!** WE'D BETTER BREAK CAMP NOW!

I'M NOT BEING CHASED OFF BY
THAT ROT! YOU CAN TURN IN,
FERRIS--- I'LL BE ALL RIGHT
NOW!

HE'S DONE FOR...UNLESS I CAN GET THE YORUBA WITCH DOCTOR TO LAY OFF HIS MAGIC! CRAVEN DOESN'T DESERVE THIS, BUT IF I CAN MAKE THE VILLAGE IN THE NEXT TWO HOURS, I MIGHT STILL SAVE HIM!



TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE HUT OF THE YORUBA WITCH DOCTOR...

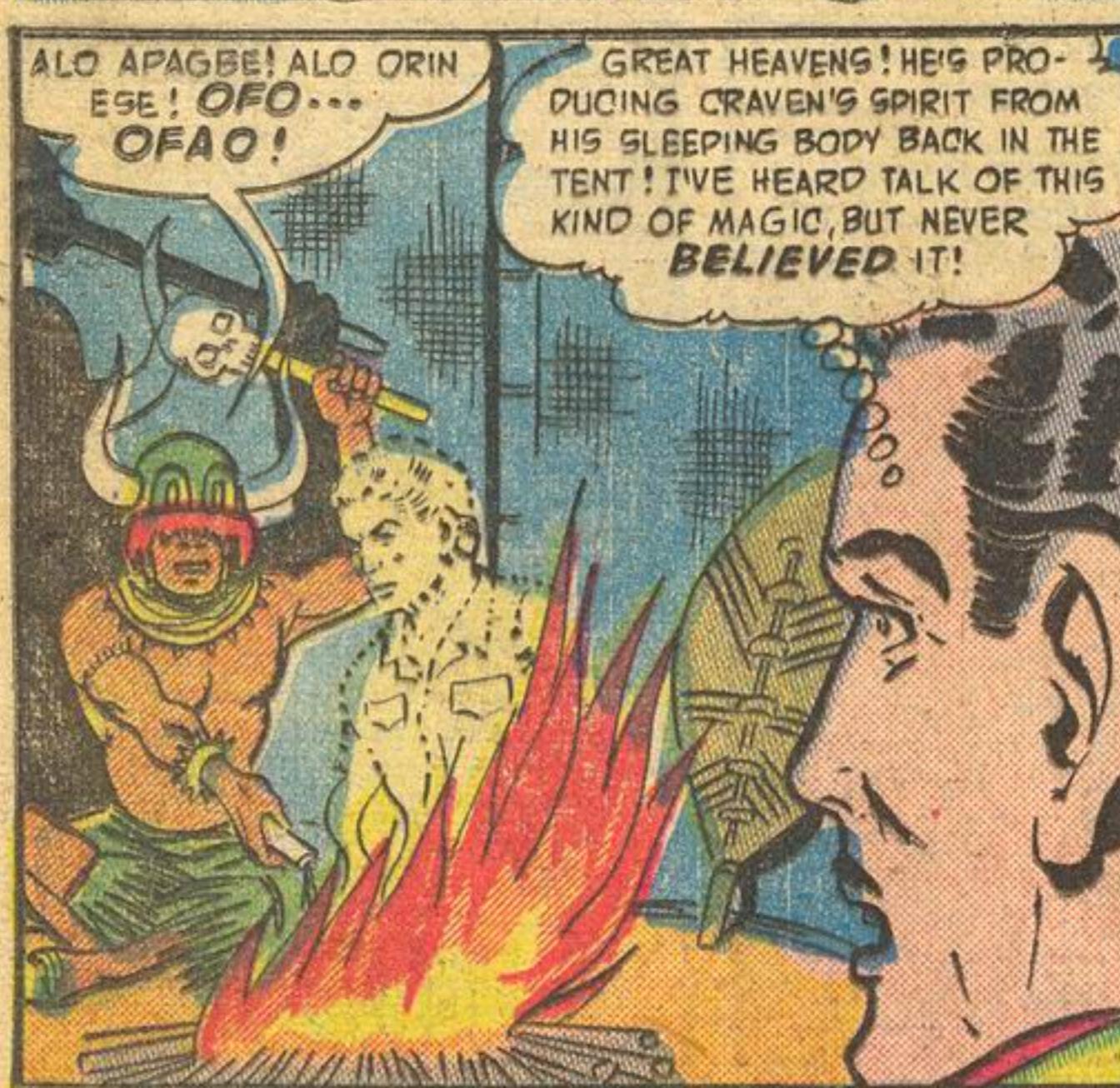
WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS FOR MANY MOONS, TASHILLI! I ASK A FAVOR...STOP YOUR MAGIC! I PROMISE TO BRING THE WHITE MAN BACK TO MY PEOPLE, WHERE HE WILL BE PUNISHED FOR HIS CRIME!

THAT I CANNOT DO! THE MAGIC OF UKPONG MUST AVENGE A BROTHER'S DEATH! GAZE INTO THE FIRE!



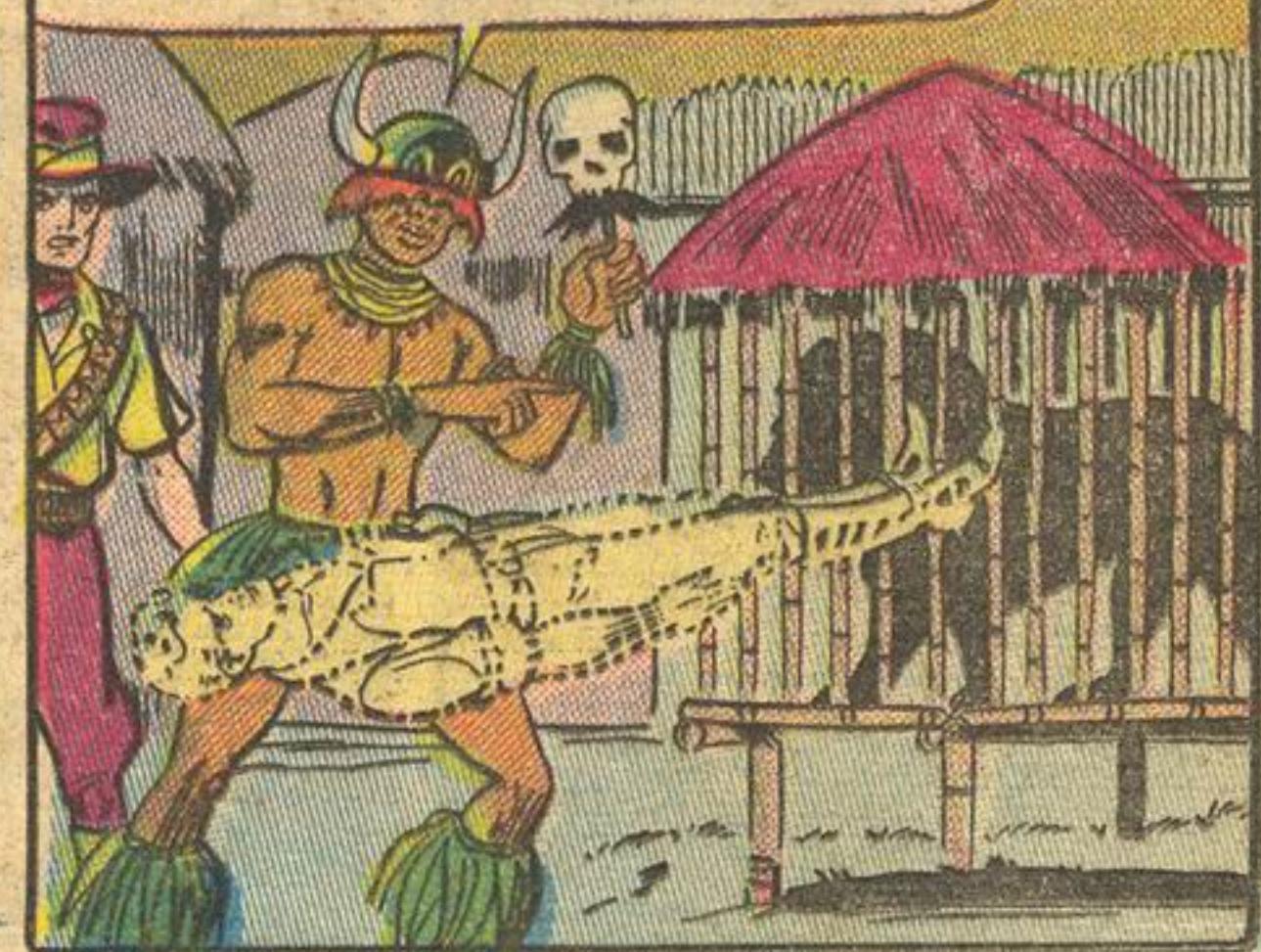
ALO APAGBE! ALO ORIN ESE! OFO... OFAO!

GREAT HEAVENS! HE'S PRODUCING CRAVEN'S SPIRIT FROM HIS SLEEPING BODY BACK IN THE TENT! I'VE HEARD TALK OF THIS KIND OF MAGIC, BUT NEVER BELIEVED IT!



AS THE RATTLING OF A PEBBLE-FILLED SKULL ENTICES CRAVEN'S "DREAM" SPIRIT FROM THE HUT...

DRAW NEARER THE CAGED LION...NEARER! AND NOW, BY THE BLACK MAGIC OF UKPONG... FIRE INTO ASHES...MAN INTO BEAST!



HE'S SENDING CRAVEN'S SPIRIT INTO THE LION! IT...IT'S INCREDIBLE!

UKPONG! UKPONG! MAN IS NOW BEAST! BEAST IS NOW MAN!

I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO CAMP...GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO CRAVEN!

AS DAWN APPROACHES, FERRIS FINALLY MAKES CAMP...

HIS TENT...IT'S TORN TO SHREDS! WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE? WHAT'S HAPPENED?



THERE ISN'T A TRACE OF HIM!
WHAT COULD HAVE ... THAT
SOUND!

GROWRRR!

GOOD LORD! IT'S SOME
KIND OF LION-LIKE BEAST,
AND YET IT MUST BE
HIM!

ARRRR!

WAIT, CRAVEN! YOU
NEED HELP! I CAN
... OH-HH!

POW!

COME BACK, MAN! YOU CAN'T FIGHT
THIS ALONE! COME BACK!

SOME TIME LATER, BESIDE A STILL JUNGLE POOL, THE
THING THAT IS PART BEAST, PART MAN, GREEDILY SLAKES
HIS TERRIBLE THIRST...

FIRST WATER, THEN FOOD! RAW FLESH,
WITH FANGS TO TEAR AND RIP!
FANGS TO KILL... KILL!

SUDDENLY...

GARRRR!

...KILL!

WITH BEASTIAL STRENGTH, THE THING THAT WAS
CRAVEN BATTLES WITH ANIMAL FURY...



THAT EVENING, AT THE NATIVE VILLAGE ...

HURRY, PLACE THE BRANCHES OVER THE PIT! IT WILL BE DARK SOON, AND THE GREAT BEASTS WILL BE SEARCHING FOR THEIR KILL!



TAKING POSITIONS BEHIND DENSE FOLIAGE, THEIR LONG WAIT IS CLIMAXED BY A THROATY GROWL...

IT COME, BWANA! IT IS THE MAN-BEAST!

GOOD! HE MUST SMELL THE RAW MEAT WE HAVE PLACED AT THE PIT!



TWO SAVAGE FORMS LEAP INTO THE OPEN!



THEN...

EEE-YOWWW!



BWANA! THE LION ESCAPES!

NEVER MIND THAT! PUT THE ROPES AROUND THIS ONE AND BRING HIM TO THE HUT! HURRY!



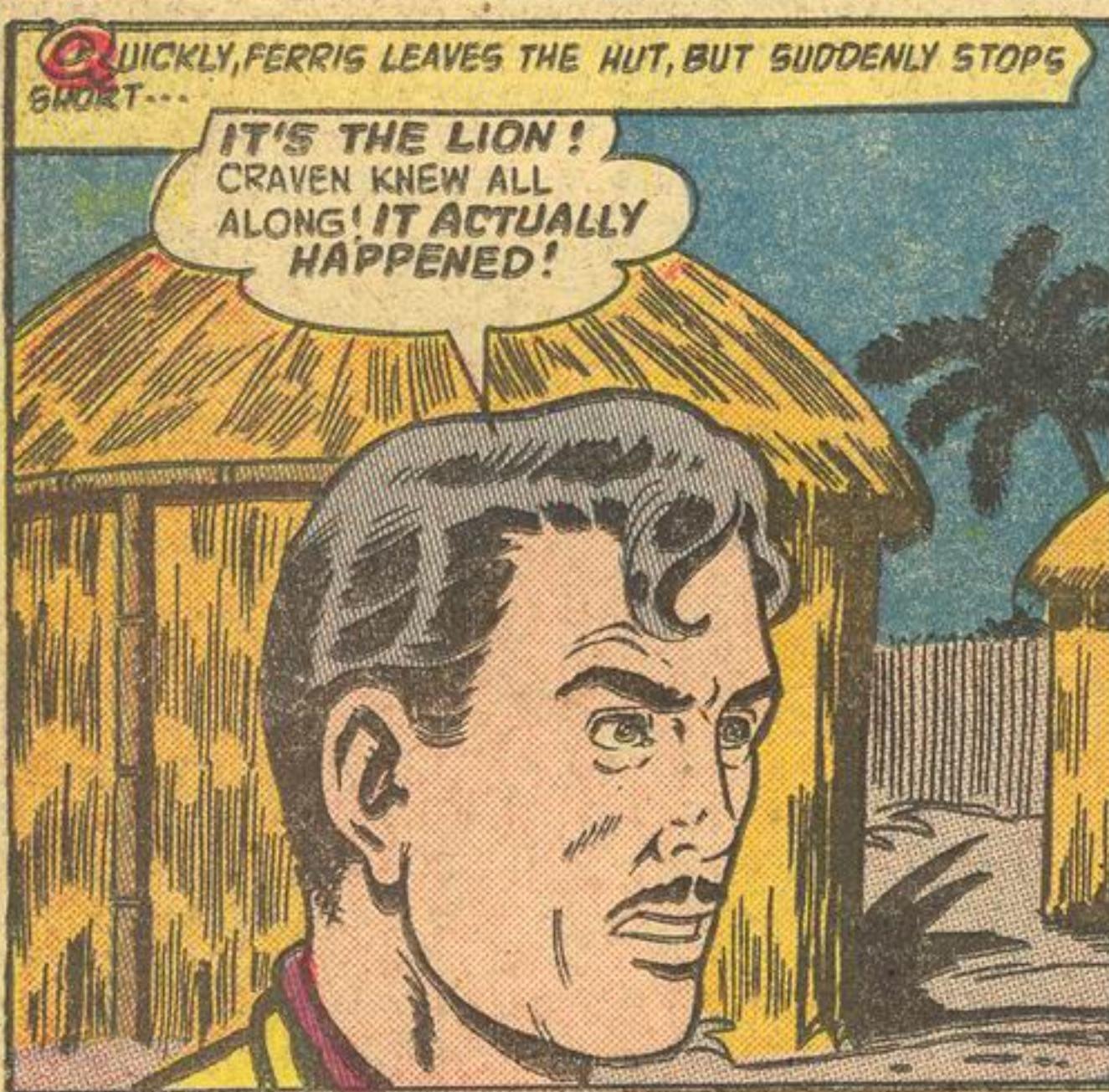
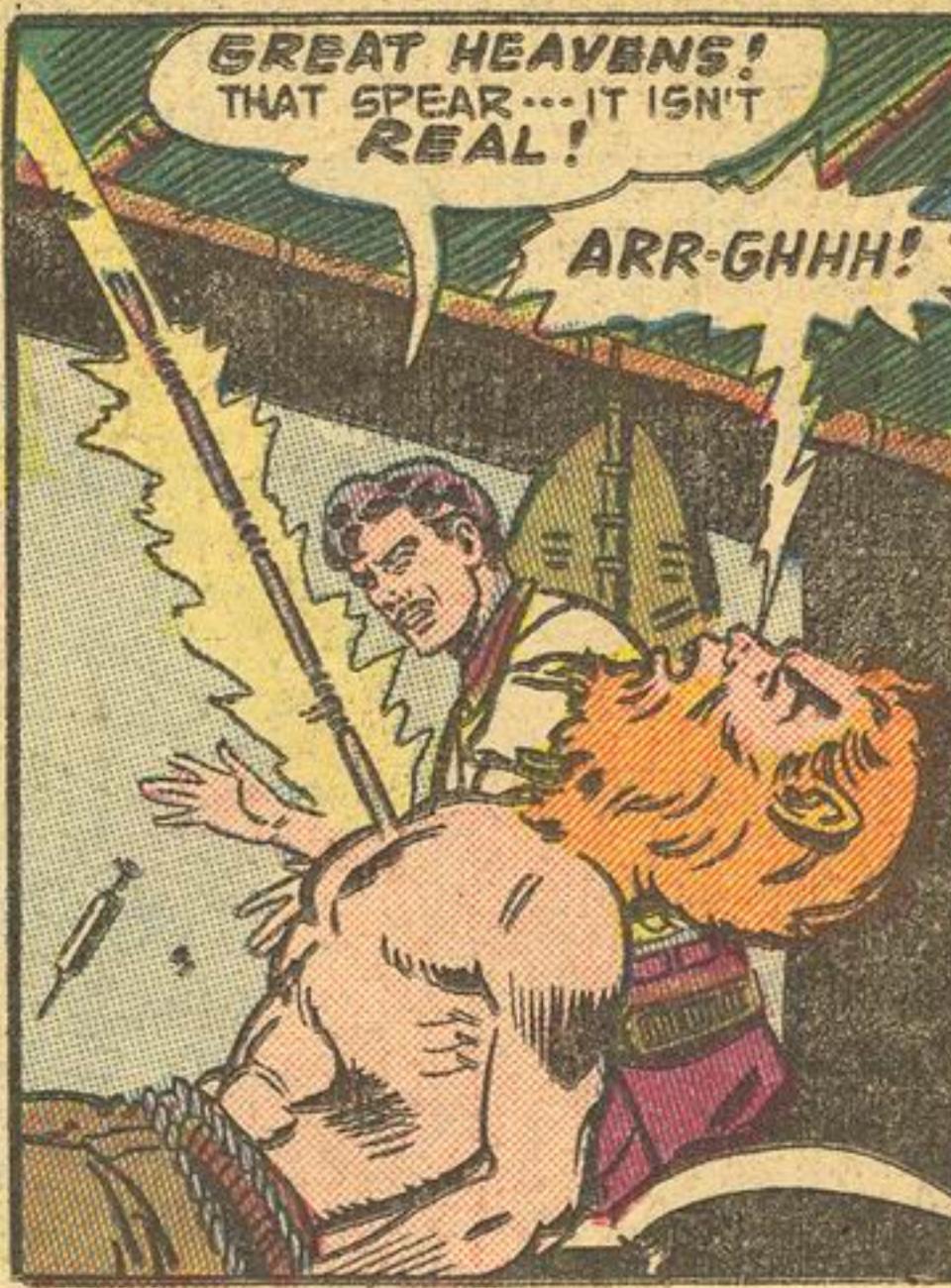
THIS SEDATIVE WILL HELP YOU SLEEP! AS SOON AS WE CAN, I'LL MOVE YOU OUT... GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL!



WAIT! THE LION... NOTHING MUST HAPPEN TO HIM! HE POSSESSES MY SPIRIT! WHATEVER HAPPENS TO HIM, HAPPENS TO ME! IT'S THE CURSE OF UKPONG!

HOLD ON, CRAVEN! I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER SEDATIVE!





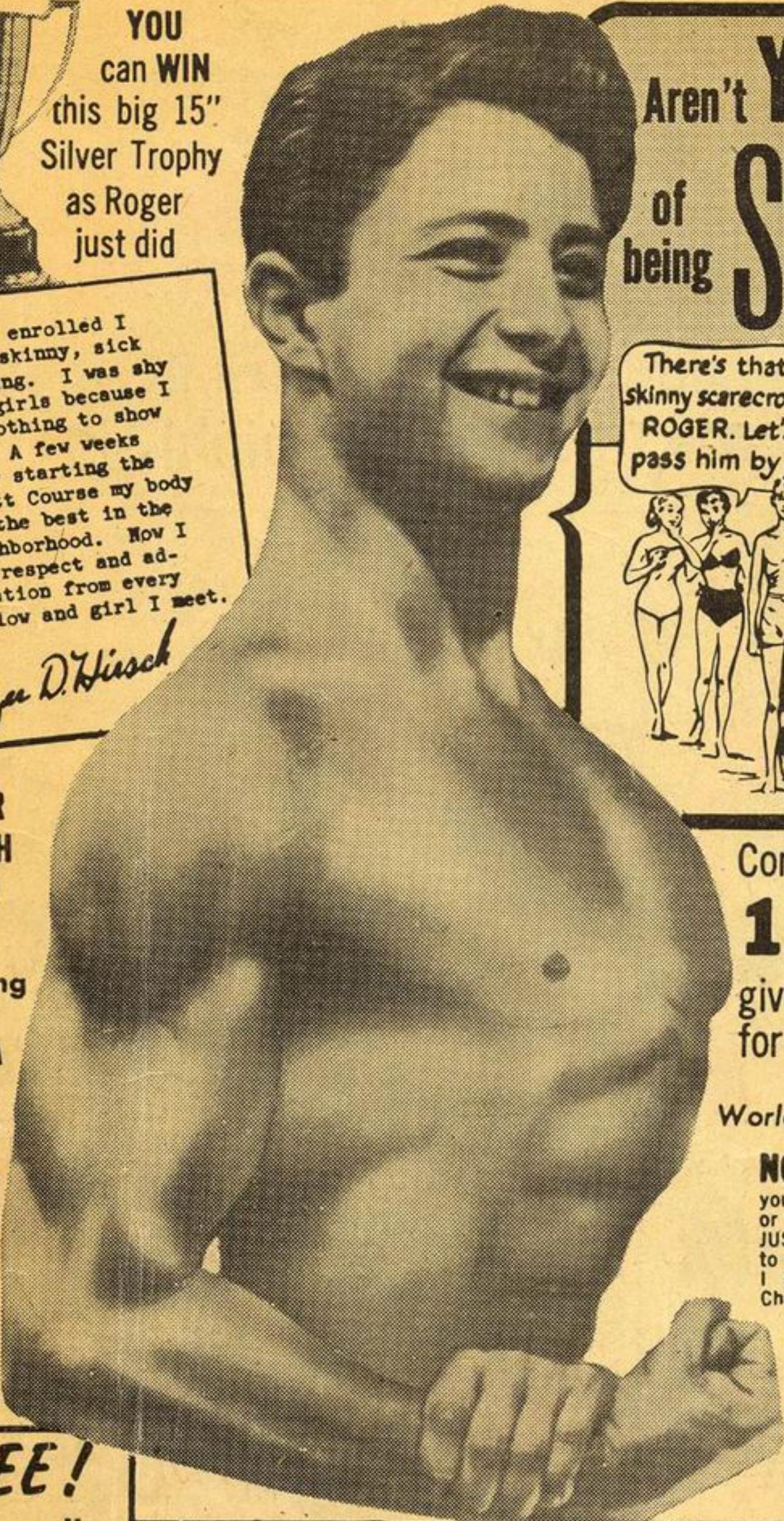


YOU
can WIN
this big 15"
Silver Trophy
as Roger
just did

When I enrolled I
was a skinny, sick
weakling. I was shy
with girls because I
had nothing to show
off. A few weeks
after starting the
Jowett Course my body
was the best in the
neighborhood. Now I
get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch

ROGER
HIRSCH
was an
112 lb.
6 ft.
weakling
LOOK
AT HIM
NOW



FREE!

If you mail
coupon NOW

1 MUSCLE
METER

2 JOWETT'S
Photo Book
of Famous
Strong Men!

His amazing book,
"Nerves of Steel,
Muscles of Iron,"
has guided thou-
sands of weaklings
to muscular power.
Packed with photos
of miracle men of
might and muscle
who started perhaps
weaker than you are.
Read the thrilling
adventures of Jowett
in strength that in-
spired his pupils to
follow him. They'll
show you the best
way to might and
muscle. Send for
FREE gift book of
PHOTOS OF FAMOUS
STRONG MEN



Aren't **YOU** as **SICK** and Tired as I was
of being **SKINNY** ?

CHICKEN-CHESTED
SPINDLE-ARMED
NARROW-SHOULDERED
SHORT-WINED
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE
JEERED, BULLIED

Then do as I did...
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW

I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM

And the rest in proportion —
ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
by using the **JOWETT SYSTEM**
for building Real HE-MEN

Come on, PAL, Now **YOU** give me
10 pleasant Minutes a Day
in your own home . . . and I'll
give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**.

says **GEORGE F. JOWETT**
World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby
you are; if you're a teen-ager, in
your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short
or tall, or what work you do. All I want is
JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home
to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD
I turned myself from a wreck to a
Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH
of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened.
Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened.
From head to heels, you'll
gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED!
You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-
American HE-MAN, a WINNER in ev-
erything you tackle—or my Training
won't cost you one solitary cent!

George
F. Jowett
Whom experts
call "Champion
of Champions"
• World's wrestling
and wr. lifting champ
• World's Strongest
Arms.
• 4 times "World's
Perfect Body"
Winner.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world.
Made a LIFETIME STUDY of
every way known to develop
your body. Then I devised the
BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY
PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only
method that builds you 5-ways
fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS
like movie star Tom Tyler did.
Like Champ Roger Hirsch did.
Like MANY THOUSANDS like
you did. SO . . .

MAIL COUPON NOW and GET

This may be Your LAST
chance to GET AMAZING
NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER

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Packed COURSES on He-
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LEGS

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